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JUST MY OPINION

Crime & Underwear



As promised last month I'll continue with my early life lingerie encounters. It was all part of my desperate desire to shed childhood and get on with the imagined thrills of adult womanhood.

I think the first time I really thought about lingerie, as distinct from the hated cotton underpants, vests and slips that made up my pre-pubescent wardrobe, was when my mother made me critique her merry widow.

A somewhat outdated term today, back in the fifties and sixties a merry widow was what we now call a waist cincher. My mother's was a particularly extravagant example, black lace with red accents and ruffled garter straps, which on the occasion she showed it to me were moored to black full fashioned nylons. I don't recall if she wore heels. I quite vividly recall she wore no bra or panties. Her pubic hair was thick, and her breasts hung heavily over the top edge of the merry widow, most likely engorged with milk, as she'd given birth to my youngest brother six months prior. In retrospect, I think the birth was the impetus for the purchase of this most unmotherly garment; I suspect my father was not finding this new bout of motherhood too exciting. This is all conjecture to be sure, all I really know is the two youngest were down for naps and my older siblings were out playing. I, the bookworm, was reading in the livingroom when my mother called for me to come in her bedroom.

She had her back to me when I entered, but I could see right off she had an unsettling surprise for me. She turned around shyly, girlish, showing the garment, and inescapably, the tits and the pussy. I was mortified and utterly fascinated. 'Do you think your father will like this?' she asked me. Oh God, now she's talking about sex! I thought. I didn't want to think of my parents having sex, did not want to imagine my father in my place, reacting to this display. I said something like 'Sure, he'll like it.' I didn't really know if she meant the garment or the whole package, my naked mom in this incredible piece of...what? That's what I really wanted to know. 'What is it?' I finally asked. She said it was a merry widow. 'What's it do?' I asked. 'It's underwear,' she said, 'that makes your waist smaller.' 'Why?' I wanted to know. 'Because it makes you pretty. Men like it,' she explained, growing exasperated, and then she said you'd wear it in bed, and then she let me go. I lay awake a long time that night trying not to think about whether she was wearing it in bed with my father, and I really tried not to think about her hairy pussy and hanging milk-filled breasts with their large, dark distended nipples. What I concentrated on to distract myself and suppress these images was this new concept of underwear as attractant, as sex stimulant. I'd seen my mother in bras and panties and helped her on with her latex girdles, but all these were protective armor, shields in my understanding to deter sex. Now here was the merry widow, revealing all the wicked parts, forcing one to confront them, something 'men like.' I had to see more of it.

I connived to be home alone a few days later and found the garment in my mother's girdle drawer. It was unwashed, smelling like the panties and bras I'd investigated in the bathroom hamper, but with an unfamiliar and unsettling overlay of perfume. Sex smell, I thought, with a mixture of embarrassment, revulsion and curiosity. The garment was beautifully made, lace overlay on sheer black nylon, with red ribbon reinforcements at the waist. It was boned all the way around, with hook and eye closure at the back. It was not elasticized and must have been hell to get into alone. I tried to imagine where she'd acquired it, even looking in the Sears and Montgomery Wards catalogs, where most of our clothes came from. Though thinking of my mother using it to arouse my father repulsed me, I longed to have one of my own, not even knowing why. For the next year I monitored my mother's underwear drawers seeking new acquisitions. A black garter belt and push up bra were added, plus some racy panties, but these weren't in the league of the merry widow. It continued to hold pride of place in my growing lingerie lust.

At twelve I met a marvelous wild girl from the next block. She secretly smoked cigarettes and her father was an engineer at

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a rock and roll radio station which was about as good as being a DJ. Together she and I started taking the bus from our suburb into Seattle. There in the big city department stores she taught me the ancient teenage girl craft of shoplifting. I honed my skills on make-up and cheap jewelry, but all along I had my eye on the lingerie department. I'd discovered where all the sexy lingerie was, but being so young I was too embarrassed to actually try it on and buy it. My mother had recently started buying me bras and I was too shy to even go along to the store when she did it. I absolutely couldn't ask the saleswomen in the adult lingerie department for what I wanted and have to explain what a twelve year old girl was going to do with a red lace corset. It was mortification that drove me to crime.

I practiced on bras and panties. I had to pad the push up bra with the panties to make it fit, but I did look great with my puffy little aureolas poking over the top. I snatched a really sexy pair of semi-sheer black panties with ruffled leg edges, but had to throw them away eventually because I couldn't wash them (having no private place to dry them). I'd put them on in my bedroom with the door locked, along with the push up bra, and stand on a chair to see myself in my dresser mirror. I'd stare at these sexy things on my skinny body and indulge romantic fantasies of a man 'liking' me in them. Kidskin leather gloves became part of my costume. I'd seen a glamorous woman wearing opera length black leather gloves on television and immediately coveted them. I found the long gloves were kept locked in display cases in most stores, but I was able to score two or three pair of unlined tight leather shorties. I found the smell of these intoxicating—still do, actually—and devised poses where my hands would touch my face so I could inhale their fragrance while imagining men liking my underwear.

The really frustrating thing was I could never get at the lingerie I most wanted. The merry widows and corsets were all under glass and away from my fast fingers. Then the salesladies started taking too much notice of this big skinny kid hanging around and I had to abandon the city stores altogether. I decided to try a low end department store near my home, a place I went with my mother that sold some surprisingly trashy slutwear. It was my undoing.

I was trying to teach a new friend The Art. She was obvious and clumsy with her stealing and I had a bad feeling. Not bad enough to keep me from copping a sheer white nylon bra and panty set embellished with shimmery "go go" fringe, however. I'd yearned for weeks for this nasty little item and once I'd made the old switcheroo in the dressing room, wadding my cotton bra and panties in my purse, I was wrapped in a lustful euphoria. I could feel the scratchy nylon of the cheap panties under my jeans and the fringe on the bra tickled my chest. I could hardly wait to get home and up on that dresser. We left the store.

And were apprehended halfway across the parking lot. They'd seen my friend drop some eye shadow in her purse. They didn't know the surprise I concealed. Because I was cocky and looked far older than thirteen, they called the cops. I stayed cocky through the initial questioning. Yeah, I'd been teaching the other girl, yeah, I was a tough customer. Then they found my underwear in my purse and decided to strip search.

I was not able to tell if the sheer nylon bra and panty set with go go fringe was what men liked. They had me under a spotlight in the dark stockroom so it was sort of hard to see the faces of the cops and the store security officer. What I could see looked more like amazement than lust. And then the chief officer asked the question I'd always feared: What would a thirteen year old girl want with something like that? How could I explain something so multilayered I couldn't understand it myself? I think I said I wanted to look pretty, and that was true, but so insufficient. Could I say I saw my mother in a merry widow and the sight of her tits and hairy pussy disgusted me but at the same time I yearned to look just like that? That I wanted men to like me in a way I couldn't yet even comprehend? That seeing myself in slutty underwear raised my self esteem? That putting on sexy lingerie lifted me out of the powerless, confusing hell of puberty and gave me a comforting glimpse of the womanhood to come? Even if I'd known what to say it wouldn't have helped. They thought I was a pathetic thirteen year old headed for some kind of sex work. And of course, they were right! I wonder if any of them will read this and remember.

They did stop me from shoplifting, though. After that humiliation I got up the nerve to buy the sexy underwear and stockings I wanted, including the great unwashed junior high panty girdle I've written of in this column. My life of crime was over, my life as teen slut about to blossom.

And you know, I never did find out if my father liked that merry widow!

—Dian



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LEG FORUM

Did you know this is one of the few sex magazines that never finds it necessary to make up reader letters? To all who've contributed in the past, thanks. If you've yet to contribute, send your real experiences or fetish fantasies to: LEG SHOW, 462 Broadway, Suite 4000, New York, N.Y. 10013.

A HUSBAND'S ROUTINE

The routine is now the same, it's Friday night. My wife a former model, is taking a bath. As always, she takes almost an hour to finish. I get everything ready and then just lie in bed and wait. This routine has evolved over the past year.

Both big fluffy pillows are laid out, as are the implements: a pumice stone, foot creme, foot spray and nail polish.

I lie in bed naked except for my cock and nipple clips. Dreaming and living the experiences of the past year. I am, obviously a foot fetishist.

My wife is a special person and that carries over to her looks. A former runway model, she is 6 feet tall with a face and figure that has turned many a head. But, ironically, it is her feet that drive me wild. You see, she possesses the most delicious, sweet and edible size 10 ½ foot that you'll ever see.

As I lie and wonder what she will say or do, I hear her getting out of the tub.

She will give the command, she will give the orders.

My ass has been striped for not doing exactly as I was told.

Her commands are usually right to the point. It can be "Well, get down there and start licking the soles of my feet." or it can be "What are you waiting for? Get the cream and start rubbing my feet." As I lie obeying her commands, she will pinch and slap my ass.

She knows how much I would love to just lie there and kiss and lick and suck and slobber all over her feet & toes for hours but she teases me sometimes. She tells me that I am only to massage one foot and then the other and that there will be no kissing and no licking. She even asks me which foot I started with last week (she knows) and that I better start with the other one. I am told that if I do a good job and sincerely ask, I will then get my reward. I massage each foot for half an hour. With the pumice stone, I remove any rough skin. I then spray each with foot spray and rub creme in. Generally she is silent except for a few moans of pleasure.

After my task in completed, I move up on the bed and she grabs the chain that connects my nipple clips and plays with it and pulls on it and asks me what I want. "You know," I tell her. "No you have to tell me and be sincere about it."

I am forced into it. She knows I won't turn back. "Please can I lick your feet, please can I kiss them, please call I suck on your toes, PLEASE. Please give me those ten and a halfs!

Typically she will answer "Well, if you must, go ahead." That is the signal that I need. I dive into them as she giggles and snickers.

First, I kiss and lick the top of the foot. Her taste is utterly delicious. Not only is the size special but the toes are especially meaty and sweet. Her big toe is the size of my thumb and she loves it when I lick between her toes.

Her latest game is to tease me by playing hard to get with her toes. As I go for her big toe, she will move it away.

"Beg," she says and I always do. Other times she will say "Open," as she rolls her toe around my mouth. Her other one word command is "Suck," and I nurse on her toe.

Sometimes, with her other foot, she will play and pull at the nipple clips to increase the pressure.

I am helpless for relief as my harness makes it impossible for me to come. I have to wear it because my come is to be saved for her fuck not for when I am eating her feet.

In addition to her size and taste, there is another thing that drives me absolutely wild about her feet. You see, she has the cutest, tenderest little patch of hair on the areas below her big toes, It drives me crazy as I lick and suck her feet to have that hair tickle my mouth and nose.

As I suck away, she tells me that when I am down there she feels a tremendous feeling of raw power seep through her body and how she can't imagine that I would do anything just for the opportunity to lick her feet. Her next one word command is just "Next," as she takes away one foot and replaces it with the other. The routine continues, with a few ass slaps thrown in for good measure. After a while, she will turn on her side so that both her soles are exposed. With my tongue, I lick from bottom to top as she moans with pleasure.

Finally she will tell me to come up here and let me unlock you. My penis is free and ready. "Fuck me now and make me come." Her orgasm will be mind-blowing and I will not come until she does.

Other times, I will fuck her after I worship her toes. We both will come and then she will order me to "put her to sleep", and I will by licking the soles of her feet, and I will fall asleep there too.

She is constantly coming up with ways to exploit my fetish. I will keep you informed

Regards

A GREAT JOB!!

My name is Mike. I am 23 years old and working my way through college. I work the overnight shift in a large office building doing security work. This is a great job for 2 reasons. First, I get paid to study. Second, it allows me to indulge in my fetish. I love women's high-heeled shoes.

Shortly after starting this job I noticed that quite a few women keep mini "shoe stores" under their desks. Most of the desks have a pair or two of standard black pumps with 1 or 2 inch heels. I christen these shoes with a load of cum. It just drives me wild to think all these women are walking around all day with my juices on their feet.

My favorite desk belongs to one of the executive secretaries for this large corporation. She has 8 pairs of shoes under her desk. They have heels ranging from 4 to 6 inches high. The colors also vary; black, white, red & blue. I have a feeling this particular lady understands the power of high heels because these are definitely "sex shoes." Ankle straps, slides and low cut vamps are in the stock. They are not your everyday business attire. Needless to say, I visit this desk often and sneak a pair of shoes into the bathroom. There I sniff, kiss, lick, rub and masturbate into the shoes. What a thrill!!

On occasion I also work a day shift at the office building. I love doing my rounds and passing by this secretary's desk to see which sex shoes she's showing off that today.

She has a desk with no front panel and I have to just about hold my breath when I pass by and see her sitting there with her legs crossed as she dangles her shoe brazenly off the end of her toes.

Thank you for allowing me to share this story with LEG SHOW. It is the best magazine on the market.

Mike
The Guard

A LATE-NIGHT TV THRILL!

Sorry I'm writing this in pencil, but I had to express myself while my excitement is still at its peak!! It's 1:00 am, May '97. I just happened to be channel surfing when I came upon the *Conan O'Brian Show*. Joan Collins, God bless her soles, was discussing something with Conan. I was just about to flip channels when something told me to hold. To my delight, Joan removed her black pumps. Her sheer black nylons did very little to hide her sexy, petite, well-sculpted feet. Thanks to the miracle of high resolution television monitors, I saw her crimson toenails shining thru her nylons. My phallus throbbed for her.

She then placed her pumps on the floor and proceeded to stretch and point her feet out towards the audience. It was almost as if she knew the effect her lovely feet would evoke. As if this weren't enough, she proceeded to stand up, perform a brief stretching routine and then did the SPLITS!! She went all the way down, even as my penis was on it's way up. She is old enough to be my grandmother, but I don't think I've ever seen as beautiful a sight.

To put the cherry on top, Conan grabs one of her pumps while she's recovering from her performance. He places it beneath his sport coat and says to Ms. Collins, "I'm keeping this. Now you know what my fetish is."

Unfortunately, I missed the dialogue preceding Ms. Collins' sizzling performance. Nonetheless, the impression of her tiny nyloned feet will be burned into my psyche forever more.

Dian, if you know her, or Ms. Collins (mistress Collins), if you ever read this; let the message be passed that salesman (AKA WHC Jr.) has a new goddess to worship. Believe me, I'm no stalker; however, if Joan ever comes to Columbus I would endure any ass-beating the toughest bodyguard could administer just to lay a gentle kiss on her angelic foot. This, of course, is not my usual style but that "Wicked stepmother" sensuality she exudes wounds me to the quick. Thank you Ms. Collins and Conan O'Brian for making my day. By the way, Conan (if you are a footman), I hope you'd be kind enough to send me a tape of that episode. Peace to all "Sole People" and thank you Ms. Hanson for printing my letters.

Sincerely
WHC JR
PO Box 6928
Columbus, Ohio 43205

P.S. I have more sizzling experiences to share, including an experience with a woman with size 2½ feet, folks!



DANGLE FEVER

I am writing to explain my intense fetish for women's feet. I am not into smoking, crushing, crossdressing, or many other favorite fetishes currently found in your publication. My "thing" is for shoe dangling. Whenever I see a picture in LEG SHOW of a dangled heel, I get weak. It applies only when the legs are crossed, and it doesn't matter if it's the left or right shoe that dangles. I don't mean partially dangling, but completely dangling from toes at a 70-degree angle or more.

There are many types of danglers. Some sit and relax and simply dangle the shoe and don't fool around with it. Some bounce their top leg in the air as the shoe shakes around under complete control of the woman's foot; some twist their ankles as they dangle; others wiggle their toes inside the sole as it dangles.

These women who dangle don't seem to be aware of their habit. They don't look down at their shoes as they dangle. They don't care about the fact that their feet could smell. It takes time to master the practice and it is the essence of femininity. Some women will dangle no matter where they are. They don't give it a second thought. I've seen women dangle at restaurants, malls, outdoor cafes, libraries, parks, bars, doctors' offices, in classrooms. I even had a German teacher who dangled her shoe by habit. She would even do it as she sat on her desk and lectured. She turned me to stone every day. I've even seen a fairly well-known journalist do it on a national television morning show. Both of these women did it with flats or with heels. It didn't matter.

But the place where it happens most is the airport. Flight attendants are always dressed to kill with their stockings, pantyhose, and high-heeled shoes.

I was on a trip to Puerto Rico and had a gorgeous brunette named Maria. She was one of the flight attendants. I noticed her in these black four-inch heels at the gate and she was dangling her shoe like there was no tomorrow. Right shoe for a few minutes and then her left shoe. She had a knack for shaking the shoe in the air like it was bait and I was the fish.

We had a three-hour flight and she proceeded to do the same thing as she sat near me on the flight. Whenever she was walking around to serve beverages she would constantly slip and slide her feet in and out of her shoes. She had bright red toenails protruding through her beige pantyhose and I was like jelly the whole time.

I've often thought about her since. I never said anything to her and I don't think she noticed

she was affecting me. I'm known as a ladies' man. I'm built and considered very attractive. I get stares often. I'm considered very manly by all the women I meet. They don't know my one fatal weakness, however. I instantly get distracted by a dangling shoe even if the woman doing it is not all that attractive. Nobody knows about this but me. I get hard when I see this and it is kind of embarrassing since I'm very well endowed in the sexual department. I can't easily hide it.

I even spent six hours in an out-of-town airport just to see dangling flight attendants and I found 42! More real men are turned on by this than you realize. I even saw a tall blond woman in a library dangling her shoe and shaking it around and I saw many guys walking by and noticing.

Dangling can also be done anytime and anywhere. And these women are completely unaware they turn some men on. It's the ultimate form of subtle teasing. I urge you to discuss this more.

LUNCH AT THE TEASE DINER

I absolutely love your magazine and its realistic photos of women catering to the sissy crossdressers and submissive like me out in the world. After reading the last issue, I just had to share a recent experience that was totally LEG SHOW! It is too bad we didn't have a photographer there to shoot the scene for you!

I live in Scottsdale, Arizona, and was on my way to a meeting across town. I usually like to wear panties, and today I was wearing a pink pair I bought at *Victoria's Secret*. I stopped at the *Country Glazed Ham*, a local eatery, for a quick lunch alone. This restaurant had the usual booths, some counter seating and some barstool tables.

As I walked in I saw a gorgeous woman I had seen in town before, and today she was with another woman who must have been her sister—she was the same build, style and look. Both were about 5'8", thin, light brown hair, long to the shoulder blades and impeccably dressed. They both had on pastel-colored business suits, with the tight pencil skirts so popular today. I could see she had expensive taste—the shoes were very stylish Ferragamos, and her hose were a silky sheer nude. As I walked in, the two sisters were seated at one of the barstool tables, and both were demurely sitting so their legs were appropriately tightly covered by their skirts. I did give a long soft gaze though at her pretty, thin legs beneath the tight sheath of the skirt.

I got in line and ordered my food, looked around for a booth, and finding one, I went over to the counter, where all the singles usually sit. The counter is actually lower than the barstools, and as I looked over I had a great look at the legs of this beautiful woman. While I waited for my order to come up, I decided to playfully steal some glances at these girls' legs.

To my surprise, she had slightly opened her knees, and gave me a slight glimpse up her skirt. I adjusted myself to get a better look—without looking at me, she adjusted to spread her knees slightly, and gave me a white shot of the cotton panel of her pantyhose. This was a true treat, and I didn't want to screw it up, so I stole quick glances. My number was called, and I went to retrieve my food. When I returned, my girl had now spread her knees about six inches and gave me a full crotch shot. I mean from the barstool seat up to the skirt line a full six inch plus shot with the entire crotch!!!

I could barely eat. Hoping she was sending me a message, I became bold, and turned to face her directly and made no secret of my staring at her crotch, with looks directly at their eyes. She would not look my way and I was the only person in line to see this show. But she adjusted herself several times without crossing her legs.

In a few minutes, the sisters got up to leave, and my girl got up and straightened her skirt. As they walked by me on the way out, I turned to say hello. She ignored me and walked right by but at the last minute, she faked a slight trip and fell into my chair—leading with an elbow to my temple—knocking me off my chair under the counter. She apologized profusely for those who saw, but just stared coldly at me—knowing she could have hit me if she wanted and she got up and left me lying on the floor under the counter.

I was totally hot from the experience, and went into the restroom to clean up—and couldn't resist the urge to jerk off. I went into the stall and pulled down my pants and started to stroke. At the same time the manager sent in a young man to check on me and caught me with my pants down beating off—and watched me jerk off into my pink panties. I couldn't stop so I kept on and he just quietly watched. He asked me to wait for him after work, but I have not been back.

Lucky in Scottsdale

SHE'S GINGER!

I know you're not into tickling, but would you please print this experience in you leg forum section for your readers who love to tickle or be tickled? Ginger is a cute sexy petite Korean girl in her late 20's who works on the same floor I do. Though small and petite in her upper torso she has been well-endowed with a beautiful ass and "great" looking legs! She tends to wear tight mini-skirts and sheer black pantyhose and five inch spiked heels. She has a beautiful bubbly personality to go along with her looks! The first time I saw her I fantasized about slipping off her heels and slowly raking my fingertips across the soles of her feet.

Well, the day had started like any other day and I saw Ginger in the copier room as I went to my office. She looked sensational in a white blouse, tight black miniskirt and then I noticed her legs! She was wearing black seamed sheer black pantyhose and spiked heeled black open toed slides. I could have shot a load all over her legs right then and there! She looked and smiled, knowing what I was looking at because I had told her before that she had terrific legs.

I worked late that day and headed toward my car in the parking garage. I reached my car and started to get in when I heard someone calling my name and the "click, click" of spiked heels on concrete. I turned around and saw Ginger running toward me. Her car wouldn't start. We tried jumping it with my car, but nothing happened. She got upset. I consoled her and told her I would give her a ride home, but insisted she have dinner with me first. She hesitated for a moment and then agreed. We had dinner at a nice restaurant and split a bottle of wine. I noticed after her second glass she started getting a little crazy. She asked me if I minded that she slipped off her heels, her feet were tired. I remarked about how great her legs looked in the black seamed hose she was wearing and those great looking heels. She gave me a coy little smile, slipped off her heels and placed her feet in my lap under the table. She told me she had debated about wearing them to work but after receiving all the complimentary looks from the men she was glad she did. She said she liked men to look at her and she admitted that she was sort of a tease. She pushed her pretty stockinged feet against my crotch and I had an instant "Boner!" Her mouth fell open and her eyes got big and she whispered, "You're so big!" I reached down and slowly stroked the soles of her feet. She jumped in the chair and giggled remarking that she was extremely ticklish!!!

We finished our meal and I took her home. She invited me in and poured me some more wine. She slipped off her dress and put on a short silk robe. I reached for her feet and began gently tickling the soles of her feet. "Stop," she cried, "tickling drives me crazy, you cannot believe what it does to me!" She squirmed and giggled trying to get away! I gently tickled her up her pretty legs, her thigh and her pretty tight ass! "Please oh, it feels so good" she cried, "tickling (laughter) really makes me (laughter) have intense orgasms!" I gently stroked her tight small hairy cunt and she was sopping wet!

She squirmed and giggled, pulling on her hard little nipples as I tore a slit in her pantyhose! I continued to tickle the soles of her feet as I began licking her hard tiny clit! She screamed as she began to "Cum". I stopped, thinking I was hurting her, but she said it felt so good she couldn't help it! I continued and she screamed she was "cumming" She pushed her hairy pussy against my face as her firm thighs began to tremble!! "Don't stop, oh don't stop," she cried. I continued for about 20 minutes until I had to come up for air! I couldn't believe how many orgasms she had. She undid my pants and began sucking away on the head of my cock, her little fingers dancing up and down all over my cock like little feathers, her long fingernails stroking and tickling my balls. I was ready to explode and she placed her feet around my cock and began masturbating me. She began masturbating herself also as I exploded. Streams of cum escaped all over her lovely legs. The gratification was intense. I moaned in ecstasy as her strong stockinged feet pumped me more and more. She didn't stop until I was totally spent! Then she did something that really drove me nuts! She grabbed my soft cock and began rubbing her stockinged sole across my sensitive tip! the sensation was too much. I begged her to stop and backed away. We cleaned up and said goodnight.

The next morning we got her car started. I noticed she was wearing black fishnet hosiery and red spiked heels. She looked at me and smiled as I fantasized about tickling the soles of her feet and burying my hard cock in her tight little pussy. Well, Ginger proved one thing to me: big things do come in little packages.

Anyone else with tickling experiences especially sexy pantyhosed or stockinged feet please write into Leg Forum or me.

J.T.
P.O. Box 1032
Lomita, CA 90717-0350

1ST ANNUAL
PEDAL PUMPING *contest*

Cash prizes of **$200** and **$100** are being offered by the **Fans of Pedal Pumpers Club** for photos of lovely feet stomping the gas pedal. For full contest details write to:
Mr. Charles Pound, 148 Pound Hill Road, North, S.C. 29112
Contest deadline is December 31, 1997, so get your cameras & start those troublesome old cars, ladies.

ANOTHER SCORE FOR PERSONAL PLEASE!

I'm writing to keep a promise I made to my wife because of the most amazing night of my life and LEG SHOW was a big part of it. We are a LEG SHOW couple. My wife of 10 years loves the attention she gets when we go out on the town and she dresses very sexy. She has given many a waiter, valet, and truck driver something to think about when she flashes her stocking-tops for them. The occasion was my birthday and we had planned a weekend trip, dinner, and hopefully some exhibitionism. My wife dressed for dinner and she was hot—garter belt, black seamed nylons, black thong panties, black bra and to top it off 4" spiked heels and a red wrap-front minidress. As we walked to dinner the wrap skirt would open and her stocking-tops were visible to anyone who was looking. Dinner was like many of our other experiences. Our waiter was treated to many shots of my wife's stockinged legs. She caught him looking once, and to my surprise she asked him if he liked her legs as she adjusted her garter strap. She looked at me and asked if I was ready for the best birthday present I ever had. Back in our hotel room, we walked into the hotel and my wife said how about one more drink? We went to the hotel bar and found a circular booth. My wife was feeling and looking good and every man in the bar had to notice her sexy legs on display. I told her I was getting very excited by the other men looking at her. She said she noticed one guy who was staring at her since she came in. He was sitting at the bar and soon some drinks arrived and the waitress said they were from the gentleman at the bar, pointing to the same man who was staring. He came to our booth and introduced himself as Jim. My wife shocked me and told Jim to sit down. Jim said he could not help looking at my wife's legs and thought he caught a glimpse of stocking-top from his seat at the bar but he wasn't sure. My wife thanked him for his nice words and then surprised me by saying "They're not pantyhose, Jim," while she pulled apart the wrap front skirt. She sat there like that for the next 10 minutes, giving Jim the best looks of his life and rubbing my crotch. We left the bar and headed to our room. Shortly after we were in our room there was a knock at the door. We were both still dressed so I thought nothing of it when my wife got off the bed to answer the door. My wife walked into the room with Jim from the bar and yelled "Happy Birthday!" She then told me her plan. She had contacted Jim through a Personal Please ad and asked him to help fulfill my fantasy of having another man see her sexy body on display but not to have sex with anyone but her husband. I was both excited and nervous. My wife told me and Jim to sit down and enjoy the show. She then walked to Jim and asked him to unbutton her dress. She removed her dress and she stood in front of us in her heels, hose, garter belt, thong-panties and bra. She was moving very sexily and walked up to me. I rubbed her legs and she told me to take my cock out of my pants. She went to Jim and sat in his lap and asked Jim to remove her bra. She put his hands on her tits and he rubbed her while she threw her head back in passion. She stood and asked Jim to remove her panties. Jim was rubbing her legs and she raised one leg to the arm of Jim's chair. Jim continued rubbing her legs and then he touched her pussy and she was in heaven when he finally put his fingers inside her pussy. This was unbelievable to watch, to see my wife being so sexy. She turned her attention to me and knelt in front of me and gave me a blow job while Jim continued to finger-fuck her from behind. After 10 minutes she told me she had to fuck. She lay on the bed and I ate her pussy while Jim played with her legs and breasts. I finally had to be inside her and proceeded to fuck my beautiful wife with another man right next to us. She was an absolute wild woman. She told Jim to take out his cock and she jacked him off while I fucked her and he rubbed her breasts, legs, and sucked her toes. This went on for some time when my wife told me she wanted me to cum in her and Jim to cum on her breasts. I pumped my load into my wife and she jacked off Jim until he came on her breasts. After it was over Jim dressed, thanked us and left. My wife had a great time and fulfilled my fantasy. Jim never thought his ad in LEG SHOW would pay off like it did. We would like to hear from couples with similar experiences who would like to accompany us. Remember, no swinging, just exciting exhibitionism, touching and caressing and watching. Contact through *Personal Please* ads.

Sincerely,
P & L

continued op page 76

LEG SHOW LIFESTYLES

Yes, there are "real" women like the ones you enjoy in *LEG SHOW*, women who live the fetish, tease or dominant lifestyle. Each month we will spotlight one special woman here, and tell you how to contact her. If you know a "real" *LEG SHOW* woman who deserves recognition in *LEG SHOW* LIFESTYLES, write to me, Dian Hanson, at **462 Broadway, Suite 4000, New York, N.Y. 10013** with photo and details.

The Girdle Man Pays a Visit to

MISTRESS JOSEPHINE

PRO DOM





text & photos ©by Eric Kroll http://www.fetish-usa.com - Mistress Josephine's voice mail number is: 415-273-5548

I can't say there are too many people that remind me of me but the Girdle Man did. Same ethnic background, same rugged exterior, same OBSESSION with female lingerie. He, too, has a considerable collection of fine and rare girdles he has collected through the years. Unlike me, he includes in his collection new girdles and has an acute knowledge of active mail order houses. After visiting my website he came for a 'studio visit'. We swapped girdles and tall tales of mistresses we had visited in years past. His memory was stronger than mine and more well-organized. He remembered the names, the years and the places. I remember only the perspective (from below). By the time he left I had secured a Playtex white rubber open-bottom girdle with multiple air holes in the tummy, complete with four rubber garters. Attached to the girdle was a tag listing "How to Put On Your New Playtex Girdle" and "How To Take It Off." Very nice. He left with photos, a half dozen vintage girdles and a smile.

His modus operandi is to visit a professional house of domination with a bag filled with new and vintage girdles (and hosiery) and invite the various mistresses to wear several in session with him. Naturally, a dominant might 'force' him into a full length girdle, make him perform foot-worship on her toes or delightfully smother him with a pair of used panties. Vintage, of course. Ah, to afford such perfumed pleasure over and over again. Fortunately, I was able to interview this wise and well-traveled man.

GM: When I was a kid growing up in 1964, stylish women, fashionable women still wore girdles. My mom wore a girdle. I remember black panty girdles hanging up to dry. If I could peek in on my mom dressing, I would. That's part of how girdles became erotic to me. I was always fascinated walking through the department store lingerie department staring at the half mannequin torsos fitted with tight girdles or corsets lit from the inside. When I was twelve years old and my mother was out of the house, I went into her drawer and pulled out one of her girdles. I took off my clothes and slipped on her girdle. I had never masturbated before but all of a sudden something was happening. I had a raging erection which led to a spontaneous ejaculation. It was very powerful for me.

Whenever I had an opportunity in high school to look up a girl's dress I would. I dropped pencils all over the place. There was a particularly pretty girl in my ninth grade English class who always wore a pinkish long-legged panty girdle or petty pants. I'd drop my pencil, turn around and look up her dress. She had to know it.





When I came to the S&M world in 1974 I realized I wanted to see a woman in stockings and high heels. I always loved to rub my penis against her smooth nylon panties. The first professional session I did was with a woman over in Hayward, California, who twenty-two years later still works as a dominatrix (a little blonde English woman). To rub up against her and her panties, that was great!

I don't remember the exact date that I realized I could go out and purchase the foundation wear I always liked. It was sometime around the mid-eighties that I started to collect girdles. I was in

New York City with a friend and we went into the store, Screamin' Mimi's, and there was this petite pink girdle. I bought it for her. It didn't cost much money. Before that weekend was out we were staying with friends and I was in the bathroom finishing taking my shower and she came into the bathroom wearing this little pink girdle and white stockings and heels. She was sweet to me then. (sighs) I knew then that I wanted to get girdles and give them to women to make sure they had them.

EK: I spoke to you just after one of your sessions with a girdled mistress and you told me you were "in recovery". Tell me about that.

GM: 'Recovery' is after sex (author note: he is not referring to sexual intercourse!), after a session, after a session with some degree of intensity, there are lots of different energies that run through a session. After a good session I am emotionally and physically exhausted in a very good way. It's difficult to concentrate, think or do anything. There is a little bit of 'out of body'. You get to a climax and there is recovery that occurs after that. It's more than from a normal sexual climax or if I just sat at home and masturbated. I'd recover from that in three minutes. This is a physical and emotional experience. I want to savor what happened.

EK: So you must pace yourself.

GM: Yes but if I'm in a time and place where things are available and then they are not going to be available, I go beyond what would otherwise be a prudent pace. I was in LA last month and I did a session with Francesca from the Chateau at about three o'clock in the afternoon and after that I went over to Lady Laura's Dominion. I was just going over to visit and to show the women there my girdle bag. I'm 'family' over there so even if I don't do a session I'm welcome over there, especially with the girls that know me because I have girdles to show them, sometimes to give away. I've got stockings. There is one thing a mistress is ALWAYS in need of and it's stockings. Not only do I have eighty to a hundred girdles in my bag, I'm carrying sixty or seventy pairs of stockings. I have sources for stockings. Sometimes the Hanes catalogue. There is an outfit in Rochester, NY that sells 'full-fashion' stockings for $7.50 a pair. Anyway, at the Dominion later that same afternoon, my buddy Mistress Rachel was there and I gave her some stockings and she took me in the back and had me pull down my pants and kiss her legs just for a few minutes. Even though I was tired from the session before, all of a sudden something was happening. But that was short. She had to be on her way, so I went back out













and spoke with the other ladies and finally I found one woman named Angel that became very interested in the girdles in my bag. I came to realize this was her first day at the Dominion. She was particularly interested in one new high-waisted panty girdle I had just gotten. She tried it on. She looked great. It was to be her first professional session. Silly me, I just couldn't pass it up. I went for it a second time that day. It was equally lovely in a different way. She was a naughty college student who wasn't keeping up with her lessons and tried to pursuade her professor to give her a passing grade (author note: his scenario). I had hoped to get back there the next day so that she could practice some nursing skills on me but I never got back.

EK: Since you're so familiar, can you give me an overview of the professional dominants you've known on the West Coast?

GM: In LA, I know Violet at the Velvet Underground. Wonderful woman. Very intelligent and very bent. Don't go there unless you are in dire need of serious medical attention.

At Lady Laura's the cast changes but I know Morgan, Angel, Rachel and ethereal Mistress Sky with her long blonde hair, and long, long legs. In fact I used to 'see' her sister Gabrielle ten years ago at the Chateau and then at the Ball and Chain. Much to my chagrin Gabrielle became angry with me and I was never to do another session with her. Mistress Dane was also there. Another sweet woman.

At the Chateau there is Mistress Francesca who was submissive at another house in another incarnation. I have given her three or four little girdles and there is one I am in the process getting and dyeing for her. She is a very petite woman and sometimes the garter straps can be too long.

EK: What decides how a session will go?

GM: We usually start with something safe in the realm of spanking and if it's a 'switch' session it'll be mutual spanking. It will involve a lot of 'leg worship' and touching and, as I come to know someone, I try and give her imagination more space and make it clear to her that she can do more and more things to me.

EK: Your pain threshold is pretty high?

GM: I think it was higher in the beginning, though there are women now that really know how to play with my nipples and they can carry me along on that. My nipples are sensitive and I can take a certain amount of pain and it's highly erotic for me. Very sensual.

Now back to my survey. There are many women I have played with in LA that are no longer in the scene. There was one woman that inspired me with my girdle collection. Her name was Kali Ana, the Girdle Queen. Very intelligent. She told me the secret of how to turn white girdles into black girdles. One day she was at Lady Laura's in a beautiful black girdle and I didn't know where it was from because there was nothing like it on the retail market. She told me it was from a thrift shop and then told me how she had dyed it. You use tremendous amounts of dye—three or four packets of dye, add salt to the mix and do it at high temperature, not boiling and you do it for a long time. Maybe a day or two.

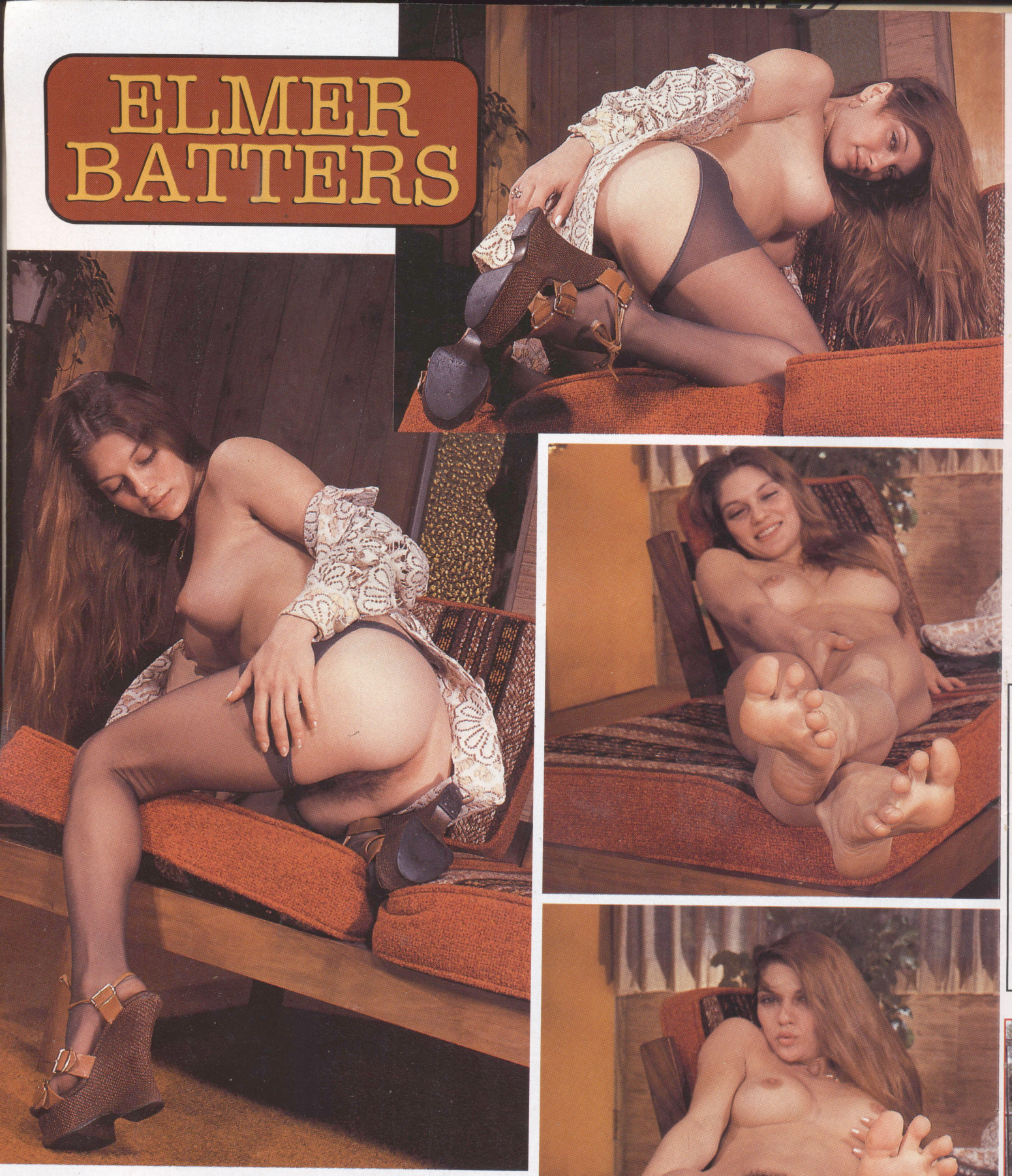
She went on to other things but she is out there somewhere and I know she still has her girdles. If she should read this I hope she will contact you and ah....

continued on page 77





ELMER BATTERS



Cutting Edge At Last



Hey, dig the cool platform shoes! You know I was out at my local mall, a place I normally avoid for all the reasons you can imagine, and what did I see but girls walking around in platform shoes. I remember how much I hated those things in the seventies and here they are back again, just as big, just as clunky, just as unlike a sexy slender feminine high heel as they can be. Then I noticed the girls in the platforms were also wearing their hair long and straight, as in the seventies, and were those bell bottoms? Well, this meant only one thing to me: my old seventies photo sets were now au courant!

I dug this one way out of the back file, which is the box behind the furnace. A tender nineteen she was, with calf muscles like a clenched fist from balancing on those towering soles. Even with six solid inches of shoe under her the little thing didn't stand more than 5'5". Feet couldn't have been more than a size 5, either. Do you ever think about how many big ugly feet I had to audition to find the succulent little morsels to meet my standards? Yes, I know, you're crying for me. This teeny bopper actually told me it felt good to spread her toes after kicking off those big clumsy shoes. "Oh, spread all you want sweetie", I told her. "Spread and flex and point and wiggle 'em all you want".

And she did, in every way and every place you can imagine. You know, maybe these platforms coming back isn't so bad.

—Elmer

VIDEO TAPES

If the SUCCULENT TOES of a PRETTY GIRL STIMULATE your SEXUAL APPETITE then I have the SEXIEST THING next to the REAL THING when it comes to STIMULATING your SEXUAL APPETITE i.e., VIDEO TAPES in COLOR and SOUND featuring the SUCCULENT TOES of 40 different PRETTY YOUNG GIRLS.EACH ONE HOUR VIDEO TAPE consists of 10 different PRETTY YOUNG GIRLS and their SUCCULENT TOES in FULL COLOR and SOUND.

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Send your color prints or slides to:
LEG SHOW
HOME PHOTOS
462 Broadway
Suite 4000
New York, N.Y.
10013

All photos become the property of LEG SHOW
Sorry, we cannot return photos.











Ⓐ Dear LEG SHOW:
Hi, my name is Stormy and I am 44 years old and have given birth to 4 children. The enclosed pictures were taken by my husband, but he does not know I am sending them in. Please print my address so I can hear from readers. I am a Soccer Mom with a Toyota Mini-Van that just likes being an amateur show-off and exhibitionist. I love receiving sexy mail and answer as quickly as I can.

Stormy
P.O. Box 2734
Granite Bay, CA 95746-2734

Ⓒ Dear LEG SHOW:
My wife recently wore this outfit one night while drinking, dancing and pussy flashing. What do y'all think? Racy enough? If you'd like to see more, contact us through Personal Please and we will trade pantyhose photos one for one.
Happy In Florida





Ⓑ Dear LEG SHOW:
Here are some photos of my hot chocolate tease who's very exhibitionistic and loves to pose in spiked heels, pantyhose, nylons, garters and g-strings up her ass. Anyone interested in exchanging similar photos, send us what you wish to receive! Great magazine, guys!

S&M
P.O. Box 6867
Ft. Worth, TX 76115



Ⓓ Dear LEG SHOW:
I think my wife has a beautiful set of feet and a world class rear end and I wanted everyone to know.

Paul and Cary

Ⓔ Dear LEG SHOW:
Hope you can share these photos with other readers. Comments and couples who want to trade photos or videos please write to:

TLG, P.O. Box 30551
Phoenix, AZ 85046-0551













HOME PHOTOS MODEL RELEASE

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DATE_____

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TELEPHONE_____

MODEL'S SIGNATURE_____

PHOTOGRAPHER (Signature)_____

PHOTOGRAPHER (please print clearly)_____

ADDRESS_____

TELEPHONE_____

BOOTING UP

The One-Handed Typist's Guide to the Internet by "Cyberslut"

E-mail Cyberslut at **slutsrus@echonyc.com** with comments and questions.

this month.....

Panties!



I have fond memories of my old college roommate. If she were wearing a skirt, all I had to do was to lift it up and say, "I see your underpants..." and oh, how she'd scream! The funny part is, if I lifted her skirt and she had no panties on, she wouldn't care one bit. There's something about that particular item of apparel that is just so personal and intimate, that it just seems naughty—maybe even naughtier than a simple bare bottom.

I know there are a lot of panty connoisseurs in our readership, so I really worked my butt off to bring you this edition of "Booting Up." Let me tell you, these sites were NOT easy to find! I don't really understand why. If anyone out there knows of a great panty site that I missed—and I'm sure there are a few—please send me the URL! I included a few up-skirt sites too, since I figure when you look up a lady's skirt, you're generally looking for her panties—right?

"Tabby's Panty Page" (http://members.aol.com/tabb6/Tabbyspage.htm) is the cyber-home of Tabby, a 21-year-old psychology student who also works part-time in an adult bookstore. She's probably a LEG SHOW reader, since she also collects vintage pin-up art (samples of which she displays on her site)! She sells worn panties, bras, socks, etc., etc. The site is very pleasing to look at, but there's not a lot to do here.

"Sonia's Homepage" (http://www.soniahome.com/home.html) was created by Sonia's husband, who loves to show her off. Yes, Sonia's in the business of selling panties and photos, but there are also a bunch of good free pics here that remind me very much of our "Caught in the Act" feature. They're mostly of the "up-skirt" variety, mostly white panties and innocent-looking. Very nice. Mmm!

"Amanda's Free Pix Page" (http://onewebstreet.com/lipstick/index2.html) has two sections, "up-skirt" and "sexy amateurs." The up-skirt pictures were good quality, but not all the models have panties on. I don't know whether I should be thrilled or disappointed about that. The "sexy amateurs" were great; in fact, it seems those ordinary folks must be friends with some professional makeup artists and photographers in order to have such polished pics. (Right.) You can also order stuff from "Amanda's Lingerie." (No, it's not actually *hers*.)

"Mr. Peeper's Pure Panties" (http://www.mrpeeper.com/) has a very cute design, but the photos I clicked on were not for the true panty fetishist. The panties are always either pulled down or pushed to the side, and the models' legs are spread wide open. I thought the allure of panties was the "something left to the imagination." I mean, honestly! The only thing moderately interesting here is the offer of "real sorority girl panties," $19.95. Cute chicks, too.

"Teresa's Lingerie Lounge BBS Home Page" (http://www.globalmark.com/linglong/teresa/index.html) is a refreshing change: a woman who genuinely loves lingerie and loves to show herself off. She's a sexy woman, big, and curvy in all the right places. I don't buy her as a "schoolgirl," though. She sells panties, videos and photo sets—and even teams up with the famous Queen Adrena! I haven't visited the BBS (yet), so I don't know if it's any good, but the pictures here (including foot fetish shots) are pretty nice. There are also a few relevant links.

"Panty-of-the-Month" (http://www.fairfield.com/panties/index.html) is kind of a silly idea, I grant you. But this site kept popping up in every single panty search I did, so I finally gave in. You can buy panties in 3, 6, or 12-month increments, and each month has a seasonal theme. They come with personalized notes and pretty wrapping. The range goes from the 3-month regular panty at $79, to the 12-month deluxe bra and panty set at $465! Yow! Seems like it'd be a nice gift, and a fairly easy way to encourage your babe to wear sexy things for you. There's an easy online order form.

"Fantasies in Lace" (http://www.filace.com) is not for you "simple white panties" folks—this site has some of the most frilly, outrageous, fancy panties I've ever seen. I liked the outrageous bright red/orange "stretch cire gartered crotchless panty." If only it were in latex. There are also lots of other lingerie and related items here. They have photos of everything, which is not as common as it should be. And the prices are *not* outrageous—you can get a pair of nylon satin panties for $4.75! Okay, they look like they came from your Grandma's dresser, but maybe you like that.

"Alori's Wet Panties" (http://www.wetpanties.com) is for those who like their panties...er...wet. It starts off with a very cute peeing animation. Yeah, it's another "let me send you my used panties" site, but it does have some distinctive qualities. For one thing, Alori is adorable. I especially like the drag-down order form in which you can choose what kind of panties you want, and what Alori should do in them (a stunning array of possibilities). She's also selling videos of herself and her girlfriends. There's even a chat room on the site.

"Panties Photos" (http://www.sexpics.com/non-mems/docs/panlist.htm) has 30 thumbnails of panty and up-skirt shots. You can't view them full-size unless you become a member of the site (lame!), but as thumbnails they're not too bad; some of them are very sexy.

"The Windy City" (http://ua1vm.ua.edu/~thennon1/windcity.html) is my kind of up-skirt site. It features "dynamic" up-skirts, which means the skirt is being blown up by the wind, or was caught on something. A nice twist (and closer to my own experience!). There's a bunch of .jpg thumbnails and a nice list of movies where up-skirt shots can be found. The list of TV shows was kind of silly. *Benny Hill*, yes. But *Growing Pains*? You'd have to be pretty patient to find some jerk-off material there, I think. There are also some up-skirt links.

"Soiled Panties" (http://www.terminal.demon.co.uk/soiledpanties.html) has some wonderfully dirty banter from Jane, a 23-year-old Londonite. She seems very comfortable with sex, which is nice. Her fantasy writing is neither panty-related nor particularly sincere—she should stick to talking about her jill-off habits. The site is organized maddeningly, forcing you to proceed a page at a time, with no idea of the big picture. Eh.

"Namename's Secret" (http://members.tripod.com/~namename/) is kind of unusual; it's all up-skirt shots of Hong Kong female celebrities. The pictures look very candid and very real, and the chicks are cute. An interesting obsession, I suppose.

"The Panties Page" (http://www.teleport.com/~sunbear/homepg1.htm) is basically a commercial site. There are videos, worn panties, and CD-ROMs available. They stress the fact that all panties used are of the "everyday" variety. Oh, and if you're in the mood, $100 will get you a half-hour custom video by a very cute Asian chick.

"Debbie Ashton Adult Videos" (http://homepages.ihug.co.nz/~dashton/) is the place to be if you want to see "lots of tight, clingy, moist gussets exposed," as they say in a description for one of their videos. This New Zealand-based company is dedicated strictly to panties and "up-skirt." They sell used panties, and you can click on the model you wish to wear them for you first. They seem to have a "free pics" section, but the link wasn't working when I was there. Still, many of the sample pics from their photo sets and videos are hot enough to warrant a look.

"#panties Home Page" (http://www.psnw.com/~meux/panties.htm) has a nice old-fashioned design, but that's about the only thing going for it. The entire site is bios of the regulars who hang out on the IRC channel. Geez, you'd at least think they could scare up a picture or two! I might as well mention that if you're a social type, and if you understand how IRC works (I don't), you might want to try out #panties. But unless you're already one of the regulars, don't bother with the home page.

"Panty Freek's Panty Peeker's Home Page" (http://204.117.0.60/) has some really, really good panty pictures. Most of them are of the site operator's wife Christy (who is cute), and Christy also writes stories that are pretty hot and playful. There is a "members only" section, which normally I am wholeheartedly against, but as of this writing it only costs $20 for a lifetime membership. Fair enough, I think. Even the panty/video ordering sections are done well; there are pictures of her wearing each kind of panty, and she'll send you three .jpgs of herself wearing the same panties she's sending you. They also have a contributors' section. Good.

"Panty Man's Web Page" (http://www.pantyman.com) has some very nice up-skirt candid shots; the thumbnails are teeny, but that's the way it goes. There are also voyeurism and exhibitionist sections (though what's the difference in the pictures, I'm not sure), and a page of movie clips. The pictures are updated every week or two.

"Thursday Night Video" (http://www.eden.com/~thursday/) is another commercial site, offering "sweet young [18+] girls in up-skirt, panty, voyeurism and fetish videos." The stills from their videos are really yummy. Each picture you click on brings you four more, but alas, you can't download 'em.

"Hamster's Upskirts and Panties Page" (http://www.pzone.com/upskirt/index.shtml) is really just your basic bunch of up-skirt and panty shots. They're hot pictures, mostly very polished, as thumbnails available for download. You can vote for your favorite picture. I'm not sure where the hamster comes in, but then again I don't really want to know.

"The Masturbation Home Page" (http://www.webcom.com/micknast/) was one I couldn't leave out. In order to enter, you have to swear you're of legal age, and that you masturbate two or more times per week. Personally, I don't always make the quota, but I snuck in anyway. There are FAQs (about the site, not about masturbation), real-life stories (which are great), fiction, techniques, pictures (but you need to have an adult verification service to see them), and info about Jack-and-Jill-off parties. It's nice to see self-pleasuring portrayed in such a friendly and positive fashion. I bet they've been reading LEG SHOW.

For those of you who have been having trouble accessing sites on the Geocities network, my friend Lewis tells me that AOL, and perhaps other Internet providers, has not set up the "translator codes" in their server systems in some areas. In place of "geocities.com," try typing http://192.216.191.149/ *and then the rest of the URL, and you should be able to access the site.*

Also, I want to extend my heartfelt appreciation for those of you who don't have Internet access (or even a computer!) but read this column anyway. It must be excruciatingly frustrating for you, but maybe you like that. If by chance you're reluctant to try out the Net because you think it'll be too complicated, trust me, it really isn't. Get a friend to recommend an Internet service provider for you, and give them a call. They usually have idiot-proof software and a low monthly flat fee. You have no excuse!

Until next month, remember, you can always email me with your Internet-related questions (and friendly hellos) at slutsrus@echonyc.com. Let me know if it's okay to print your letter in the column, and if so, what name you'd like to use. I can't wait to hear from you! Have fun....

▲

THERESA

GENDER EUPHORIA





"I seem to be confused about sex. Not confused about liking it or anything, my clitoris works just fine. It's more like I'm confused about what sex I am, or want to be. I know that sounds so stupid. You're looking at my pussy and saying, 'Hey, you're a girl, okay?', but it's not so simple for me. Gender, as you might know, is a state of mind as well as body. Is there a man out there who's ever felt like a woman locked inside a male body? Then you understand me. Sometimes I enjoy my female body so much, like when you're holding me and I feel small and girlish and your big hands roughly caress my body. I love to be penetrated by thick male fingers, two in my pussy, one in my ass, so I feel gripped, filled, possessed. At that moment I want nothing more than to be a woman and for you to be a man, filling me with your cock, pumping me full of cum, marking me with fluids as your sexual territory, just like a dog.

"Then there are those times when I want to fuck you in the ass. It's true, I get terrible penis envy. I want to be the man and I want you to be the girl. I use a dildo to pretend sometimes, sticking it down in my pants so it looks like I have a big dick running down my leg. I love to run my fingers over it, squeezing it through my jeans. I learned recently that I get a huge thrill from wearing men's underwear. Particularly cotton briefs. They feel different from panties, softer, thicker, and that pouch in the front







is so cool. I can't resist sticking my fingers in it and tickling my pussy. No wonder you like to masturbate so much, having this slit in your underwear practically begging you to reach inside. It's really titillating to wear my briefs under a skirt. I feel like a real transvestite then, hiding my sexy secret, but knowing at any time I can uncross my legs or bend over and show the world.

"Just dressing doesn't satisfy the urge completely, though. I yearn with all my heart for a partner to join me in gender dysphoria. I dream of a man who can be all man and all woman with equal ease. With me it's as easy as changing clothes; if I'm in my male underwear I'm the one with the cock, mentally. That's when I want to dress you in panties and stockings, silky slips and pumps and paint your mouth in thick red lipstick. Then I'll strap on my cock, a big black one, and grease it up with long, slow strokes as you watch from the bed. I'll caress you roughly, running my hands over your





stockinged legs and shiny nylon panties. I'll slap your ass and tell you to roll on your tummy. 'Get that ass up in the air!' I'll say and when you do it I'll pull your panties down and slap your ass harder. For my fantasy to be perfect your cock will be rock hard, wanting this as much as I. I'll stroke it a few times, squeezing and milking it 'til strings of pre-cum drip from the head. I'd gather your drippings and use them to lubricate your ass, working in fingers one by one, opening you slowly for my big black cock. I'll be gentle, after all, it's an act of love. Then I'll shove my cock up your ass. Gripping your stockinged thighs I'll stroke your ass nice and slow, then hard and nasty. My hand will stray to your cock, and I'll say 'Come on baby, cum for me.' And you will, you'll cum all over my hand with my cock buried all the way up your ass and seeing you cum like that will make me feel so good I'll cum too and feel just like I'm pumping a quart of cum deep in your bowels.

"Man! That gets me so excited. I'm going to have to play with myself through my briefs. If any of it excited you, hey, you know where to reach me. If you think I'm just horribly sick, please keep it to yourself. I'm nervous enough about revealing myself here."













THE INSTRUCTIVE PEDICURE

by Woodrow Peters
illustration by Sardax

We were chatting haphazardly, drinking morning coffee on the back patio, when my girlfriend, Lori, her right eyebrow raised in a gesture that meant for me to pay attention, said, "I was thinking about the black widow."

I splashed coffee on my chin.

"The black widow has complete control of life and death, yet the male spiders submit to her instinctually, with no inner turmoil." She lit a cigarette, exhaled out the side of her mouth. Her lips slanted in a smirk and she winked at me while she crossed her legs. An expanse of tan, taut leg came out from under her robe. I knew she was naked under the robe, and I could almost smell her sharp femininity fresh from a night's sleep, warm in that morning wrap.

Lori rocked her top leg back and forth, squeezing the tendons of her inner thighs against her pussy. She dangled her slipper from her toes, slapped it back and forth against her heel. Inside that furry slipper were five gorgeous toes, and my eyes, instinctually, like a bug controlled by its destiny, were glued to it. She moved her foot to and fro, and my eyes followed it like it was a hypnotist's crystal.

Lori burst out laughing. "Hormones up, Woody?" she said.

I pulled my gaze from her slipper, looked up and was immediately gripped by Lori's aggressive beauty. A Hungarian farm girl from Ohio, she could be easily mistaken for a gypsy witch queen. She carried herself like royalty, elegant and sleek; most people deferred to her without hesitation. It only added to her allure that she was a hardworking waitress at a coffee shop.

"Most men only want to get laid, not fulfill their destiny," I said. I tried to sound tougher than I was. I suppose I had gotten "laid" with Lori, but it had been, and probably always will be, on her terms.

"If men concerned themselves more with fulfilling their destiny instead of satisfying their sexual urges, the world would be a better place," Lori said.

I said nothing. My attention had gone back to her slipper, dangling now off just her big toe. I could see the other toes, which I had painted bright red the night before.

"Go get your bag," Lori said.

When I had fetched my bag, one of those plastic, transparent carryalls, with pink flowers all over it, inside which were my tools for pampering Lori's feet, I knelt in front of her. She smiled and patted me on the head. "Good," she said. "Don't bother with the stone, just remove this dreadful polish. I don't know why that color excites you so much." She started to add something, hesitated, giggled, then scooted to the edge of her chair. She opened her robe and spread her legs, revealing her naked body.

The altar between Lori's legs was hairy and wet, its labia, fat and prominent, slick with her pungent juice. I could smell her sex, like a damp panty drawer in an oak dresser. Her thighs went wider and her knees went up to the arms of the chair. She casually lit another cigarette, blew smoke in my direction, sipped at her coffee while I knelt mesmerized before her explicit display.

"If you do a proper job on my feet," an exhale of smoke floated toward me, "guess where you get to put your mouth?" She closed the robe, sat back and put her bare feet on my thighs. Inside my pants, my cock was doing handsprings.

Lori's feet are of a singular beauty, with toes as sternly elegant as her aristocratic nose. The arch is graceful and strong, her ankles well turned. The bottoms of her feet are soft, since she seldom goes barefoot, and since for the past three months I'd been giving her private pedicures. Her toes are tapered candy, thin at the base, becoming full and delicious at the top. Her second toes, which she favors above all the others, are longer than her big toes.

I filled an expensive, hand crafted crystal bowl with warm water and a special foot soap. I used a loofah to scrub her feet, a soft cloth to wash them clean, then a polishing fluff to dry them to a sleek, gleaming finish.

When her feet were dry and the foot bath out of the way, Lori put her right foot high on my left thigh, nearly on my trapped erection, which by then was practically ripping its way out of my pants, while she stuck out her other foot, wiggled it in command. "Massage," she said. I knelt obediently to my task.

"It's not just sex," Lori said. "Woody…umm, that feels good, yes, keep your thumb right there…ah…Woody, I want this to be an instructive pedicure; so think about what I'm saying to you. I expect a frank discussion, no matter how carried away you get with my feet…that's nice. Pull on the toes like I like it…That feels so good."

"It does indeed," I said.

Lori cleared her throat, preparing to continue my education concerning the natural order of things. I knew I must pay strict attention to her sermon, but her feet, one in my trembling hands, one nearly touching my erection, so close to my face and mouth, made it near impossible to hear every word she said.

"The natural order of things, Woody, is woman, dolphin, man and then lions and tigers and bears and all the rest of it." She moaned in pleasure, wiggled her toes, twisted and rotated her feet, pushed them into my massaging hands. "I don't know, maybe bees are ahead of man." She cupped her pussy in one hand, rubbed it vigorously for a moment. Her hips started to rock and roll, her thighs opened wider. "At least bees have the sense to worship a queen."

She pulled her hand from her crotch, closed her legs tightly to quell the tremors. As I knelt there, her naked feet planted firmly on my cock, I followed the graceful lines of this vision of feminine grandeur from her toes, along legs so long you almost forget where they started; the sleek flair of her hips; her vagina, so hairy and womanly, squeezed between her hard thighs; her firm belly; the swell of her breasts; her large nipples erect and proud; her strong chin; her regal nose; those dark, uncompromising eyes; and all that black hair cascading across her stately neck and athletic shoulders.

The altar between Lori's legs was hairy and wet, the labia prominent, slick with her pungent juice.

"The need a man has for a woman isn't just sex, despite this," she said, poking my cock bulge with a big toe. She spent a moment trying to pinch it with her toes through the pants. "It's more than that. It's going back to that safe place. That comfort place."

"The womb!" I said. She was speaking philosophically, of course, but I reacted, knee-jerk, with a crude joke. "I just want a certain part of me to return regularly to the womb."

She put the big toe of her foot under my chin and raised my eyes to look at her. "Don't be a Neanderthal," she said.

For a horrible moment I thought she was going to get up and go in the house. I pleaded silently with my eyes, a look that sounded, I hoped, like a million voices crying their need for her, and I returned to my task at her feet with increased vigor.

"That's better," she said.

As I massaged her feet, Lori smoked cigarettes and drank coffee. Birds chirped and fluttered in the trees, and cars idled in the street. I could feel a womb closing in around me.

"If everything is based on a return to the womb," I said, "where do women go? They *are* the womb."

"Women don't need to return to that comfort zone because they have evolved to be the ultimate control force in the herd," Lori said. "Whether men accept it or not. Of course, things would be a lot easier if men would just do what they're told. That's enough massage. Now take that red polish off my toenails. I don't know why I let you talk me into wearing that awful color."

I put cotton balls between her toes to make it easier to clean off the red polish I had put on the night before. Lori's toes always look so suckable separated by the pure white cotton, like expensive chocolates or rare jewels in a fancy box.

"Women are naturally in control. It's just that so many women don't take full advantage of their innate power, and since we're generally kind-hearted—it's our nurturing instinct—and since men are so brutal, women have, through the years, let men get the upper hand."

Lori was fingering her pussy while she spoke, getting more aroused with every declaration of female supremacy. She closed her eyes, masturbating intently, her fingers sloshing in the sex juice between her thighs. She looked down at me with glazed eyes. "That's enough. Put on the clear gloss now."

"You're right that women like to be in control," I said. "They are the best manipulators in the world, and they can do it so the guy doesn't even know he's being manipulated."

"Men really don't mind the leash," Lori said. "They just don't want to see it. The best way to treat a man is like a puppy: give him a few orders, always praise him, pat him on the head, and he'll be happy." She looked at her toes. "Is the gloss dry yet? Blow on them."

Lori knew that the gloss dried immediately, but she enjoyed making me blow on her toes. She pointed and said, "I don't think this one is dry," or "Blow on this one again," and I spent nearly ten minutes before she decided the gloss was dry.

"Take the cotton off so I can see your work." She stretched both her feet out and looked them over. Her toes were inches from my mouth. "Very nice, Woody. You're getting better." She wiggled her toes under my nose, barely brushing against my lips. My cock was throbbing so desperately it felt like a marching band was in my pants.

"You may worship them," Lori said, and she pressed her feet to my mouth, which opened with a hungry growl, equal measures of desire and humiliation erupting from somewhere deep inside of me. Lori laughed a superior cackle as I eagerly licked, sucked and kissed her feet, exposing as I did my utter devotion and adoration for her.

"There's no man as lucky as me," I said.

"Shhh," she said. I looked up, both of her big toes in my mouth, and watched as Lori rapidly finger-fucked her hairy vagina with one hand while rubbing her clitoris with the other. The more excited she became, the more urgently she pressed her feet against my face and in and out of my mouth, the faster her fingers worked between her legs until suddenly she stood to tower over me. She pushed me to my back with a foot, stood looking down at me. She pressed a naked foot on my crotch bulge, reveling in the firm heat of my desire.

"Women have been trying to keep men in line since time one," Lori said. She moved her foot so the curve of my erection was nestled in the arch, her heel pressed on my balls. Her eyes were barely open. She was so aroused that she looked stoned, high on Eros and the power of her cunt. "And eventually, we are going to save men from themselves."

"Why bother with such a lost cause?" I said.

"Take your cock out," Lori said as she stood over me, facing my cock. She trapped my head between her feet. With her fingers in her pussy, she squatted, her crotch inches from my mouth. She pulled her fingers out of her dripping vagina, wiped the pungent juice on my lips, then completed her squat until she was resting comfortably on my face. My nose was inside her, and she used it to masturbate, humping wildly, smashing my face with her demanding cunt. "Come on, jerk boy, go to work."

I came the moment I grabbed my cock and started jerking, screaming up into Lori's cunt, slobbering like a dog at her sacred hole until she told me to stop.

After we caught our breath, and I freshened her coffee, Lori finished this most instructive pedicure. "Do you know why women try so hard to change men?" she said. "We do it because we like to perfect art."

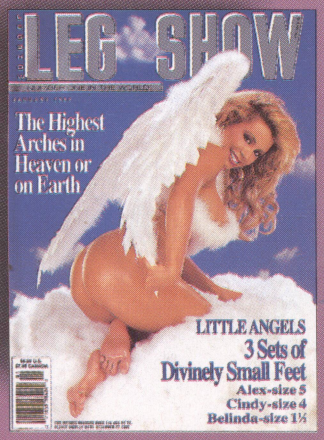
"So men are art," I said. "We just need a little cleaning outside the lines?"

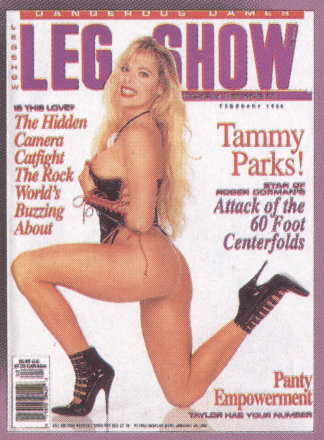
"That's right," Lori said. "It's a big job, and we're not even close to being finished." Her raised eyebrow reminded me that I was her canvas.

We laughed, but I think she had a better idea of what was so funny.

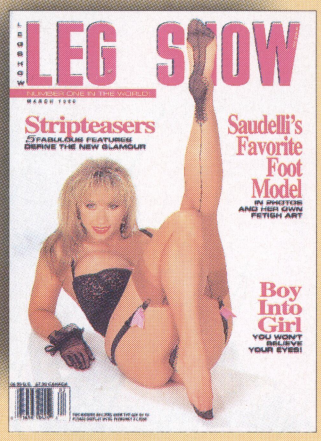
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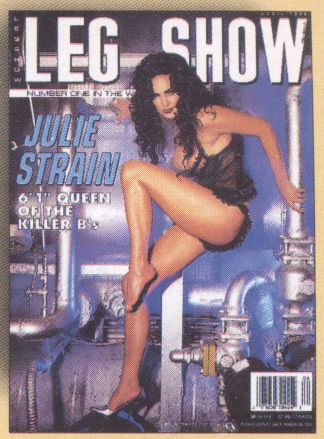
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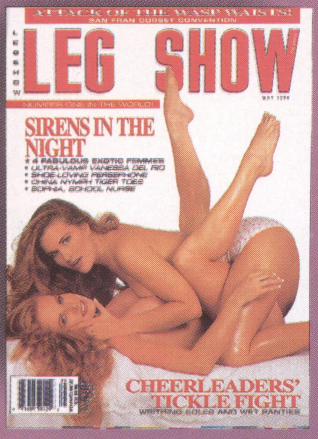


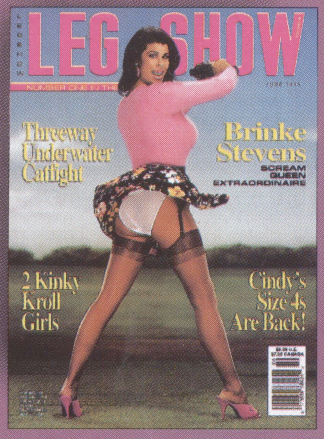
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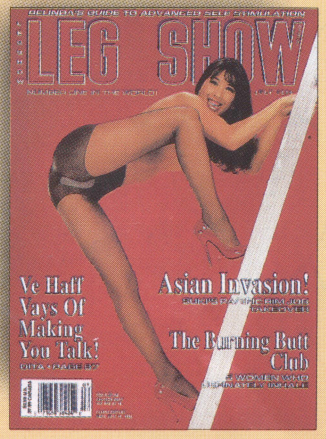


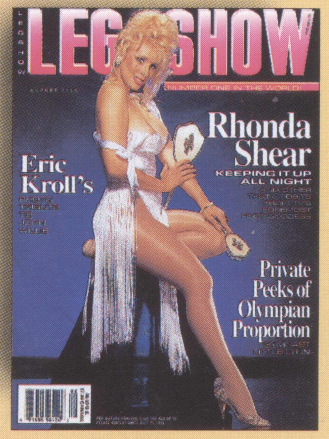
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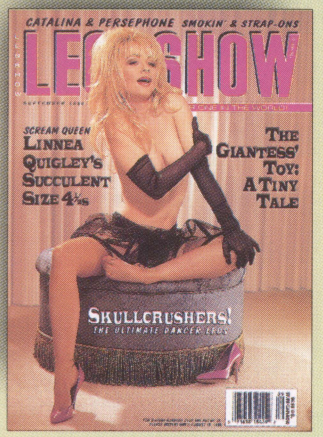


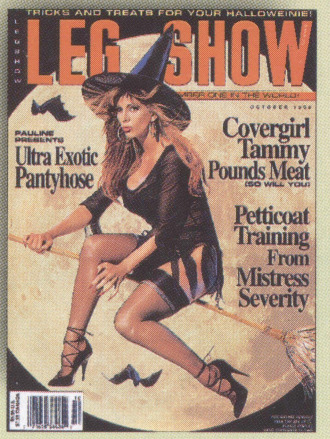
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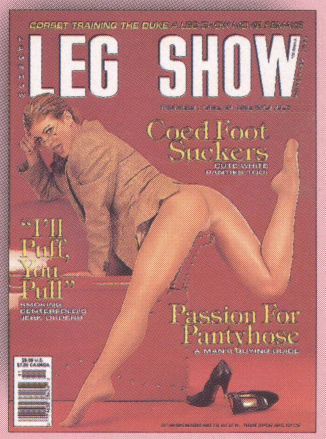


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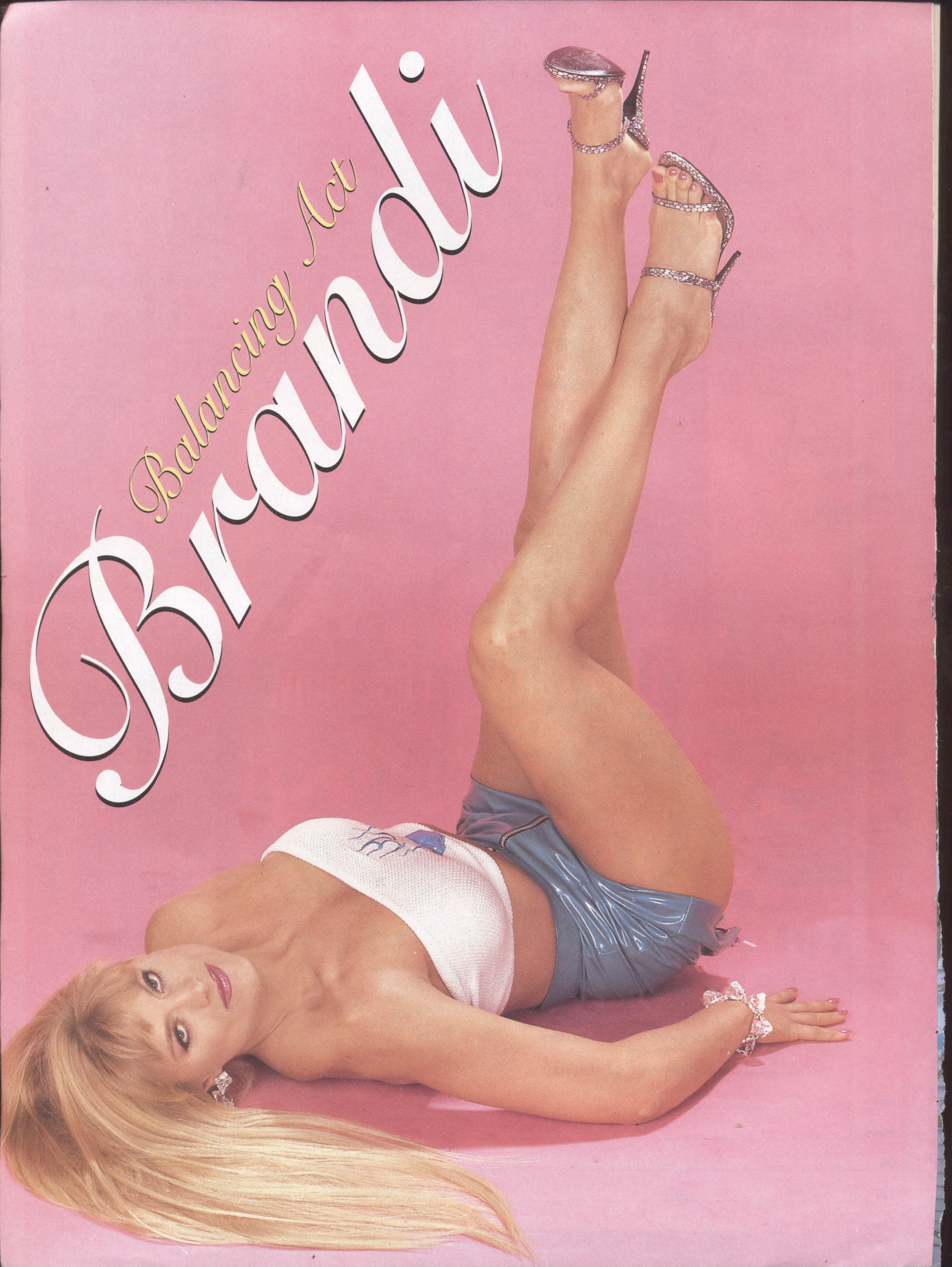
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Balancing Act
Brandi







"I'll bet you've noticed that I'm a big strong girl. I'm five foot nine inches and weigh 145, and I'm proud of every pound because it's all muscle, and I built those muscles myself. I go to the gym a lot, but it doesn't mean I'm a fitness snob. I just like to be strong and fit for myself, I don't expect others to be like me. In fact, I don't want others, meaning men, to be like me. All these gym rats are always coming on to me and making fun of the guys I go out with for being scrawny. I tell them flat out to go fuck themselves, that the guys I'm with are what I want. Intelligent, nerdy men balance my purely physical nature, they make me look inward, make me exercise my brain as well as my thighs. Plus, it seems like nerds think about sex 90% of the time and come up with the most imaginative ways to use my big strong body. Some of them have told me that smaller, weaker women were intimidated by their perverse fantasies. Not me! Being physically powerful allows me to experiment and enjoy new sexual twists without fear of the big bad male libido. I actually love it when men try to sexually overpower me. All that wrestling around, the slaps, hair tugging, biting even, exhilarates me. Whether he's really beaten me or not I'm ready to submit after a good bout of this. I knew a man several inches shorter than I who'd been a college wrestler. He could flip me around and get me in all kinds of real wrestling holds. All the time he'd have this steel hard erection and I'd get so horny when he'd pin me and just stab that little cock into me. Sometimes I'd cum just from the initial penetration, like Wham! Bam! Ahhh! He'd get me so crazy I'd do anything. He got me in a hold once where his ass was right in my face. I've seen dominants do smother submissions before, but this was the first time I ever saw it from a man. He lowered his asshole right over my mouth and I didn't have to lick it, but I wanted to, see? My heart was pounding from the



exercise and he really had me, even though I outweighed him by twenty five pounds, and I wanted to honor him as the victor. I felt triumphantly slutty with my tongue up his ass. It was not submissive at all, it was like a warrior showing respect. He really loved it, too.

"This other guy, he was brilliant, a really talented writer. He could totally put me in my place mentally even though he was actually feeble physically. He'd just used himself up from drinking and stuff. I got into carrying him around and he got into the fantasy, kind of convoluted, of me being a cowgirl. Like, they ride horses and I was like the horsewoman and horse in one, see? So I dressed in the coolest fringed rawhide skirt, real short, and cowboy boots and a tight white blouse with fringe on it. And this famous writer would get up on my back and we'd go for long 'trail rides' in the mountains. My hair would be in braids and he'd hang on those braids like they were reins and make me go the way he wanted by tugging on them. My thighs and calves would start to bulge and burn from the effort of carrying him and that gave me an endorphin rush like you wouldn't believe. My pussy would get so wet I'd have to stop and pull off my panties, and then he'd reach down while I was trotting along and play with my clit. God, sometimes I got so delirious with lust I'd just fall forwards in midstride. Then he'd be on me from the rear, fucking me hard and fast with his huge cock, right in the middle of the trail. I always wanted him to fuck me in the ass but he said his cock was too big for that....

"That's all the room I have for stories, but I want to end this with a message, because I always think a good story has one: Don't be intimidated by a woman because she looks too big or strong or sexy or pretty. She probably doesn't want you to be just like her. One beauty in a relationship is enough. I'll bring the body if you bring the filthy imagination!"

▲









LEG WORK

SALINA'S GIRLS

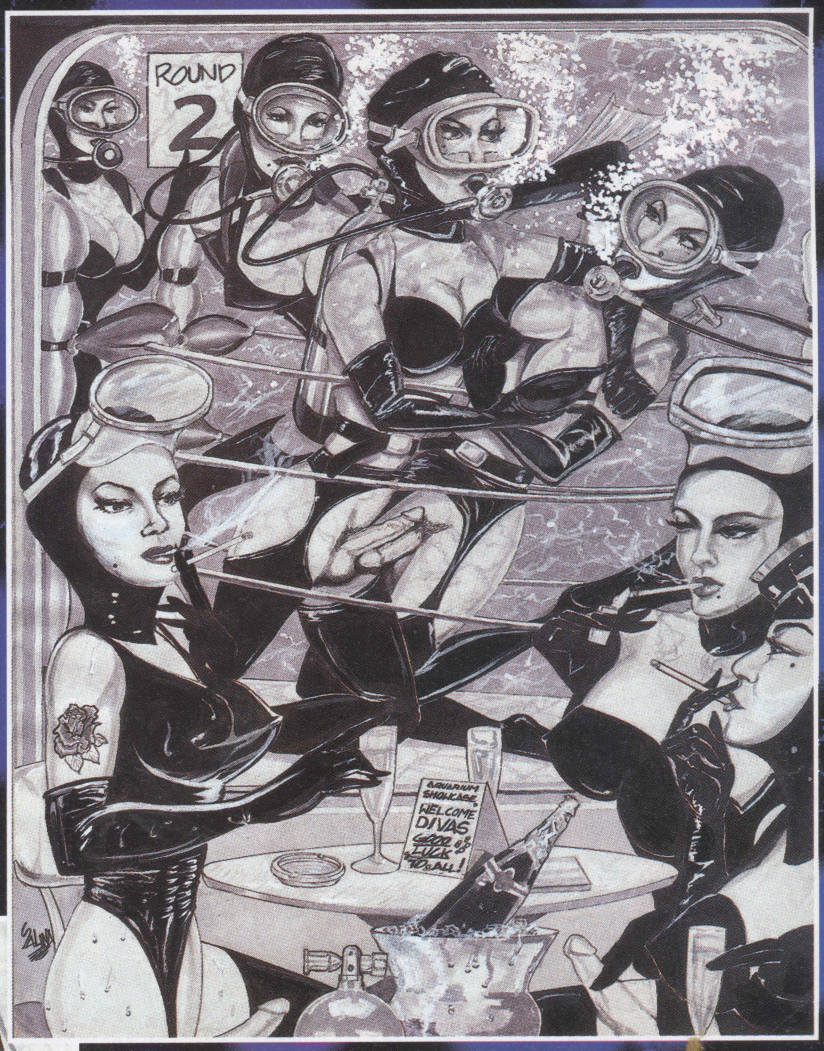
Salina • P.O. Box 6336 • Kansas City, KS 66106





...Salina's pen and ink originals have gained quite a following in the kink underground. While the themes range from wrestling to smoking to simple glamour, all feature beautiful women in heels and gloves...with cocks. There's a tendency to major hair as well. Rather than gender confusion, Salina's girls show gender consolidation, the best of both sexes combined for a perversely exotic whole.

Salina is now doing commissions by mail. If you're interested in having your own fantasy lovingly rendered, write to the address above. If you'd like one of Salina's very imaginative co-gendered fantasies, do likewise. The cost is usually $200 up front and $200 on delivery of the art. And while Salina likes life on the edge, no animals, children, rape, torture or other legal transgressions will be considered.







JADE & RUMIKO



LE CLUB PANTYHOSE








MICHAELA
All Woman





"I suppose some would call my dress provocative, but it was the style last spring: sheer romance, they called it. All the runway models wore black lingerie meant to be seen under their feminine sheers. Translated to the street, slips were added, but I've always thought of myself as cutting edge. This dress was designed to show the lovely lingerie beneath and that's how I wore it.

"I suppose I should have added panties, but who knew it would be so windy on the waterfront?

"Jeff was shipping out again. It's so romantic to have a boyfriend who sails the seas, even if he's just a waiter on a cruise ship. I wore my fashionable new dress to see him off and heads were turning. He gave me one of his dark and brooding looks and said, 'Don't be showing everyone my body while I'm gone.' His jealousy is so cute. I assured him I'd keep my body as a temple, but I admit my fingers were crossed behind my back. Then he was up the plank and there was a tear in my eye and a dew on my thighs thinking of all the teasing I'd do while he was gone. I just didn't count on starting that minute.

"It was a freak wind. It lifted my dress like strong, urgent male hands. Suddenly I was no longer fashionable, I was completely exposed! I fought, but to no avail. My hem climbed above my stocking tops and then above my hips. Tickling fingers of wind





probed my pussy and spanked my bottom. My skirt was flying in my face and there was no way to fight the violation. Men were looking and enjoying it all too much. Women were outraged. Then to top it all, I felt myself teetering, wobbling perilously on my five inch heels. My feet flew out from under me and I crashed down.

"The crowd rushed forward, then stopped. I looked up at them, my stockings, garter belt and pussy completely exposed. They were confused, torn between wanting to help and wanting to leap on top of me and fuck my brains out. Just thinking those words, 'They want to fuck my brains out', worked a strange magic on me. Heat spread over my body and concentrated in my pussy. I've always loved attention and here I was getting the ultimate attention, men wanting my body.

"I stood up on shaky feet and tossed my dress over my head. Now I was a sexy pinup in bra, garters and hose. I began to pose. 'What a slut!' spat one of the women. Yes, I thought, that's what I am, a slut, and I spread my legs. I turned and bent and pushed my soft white butt at the



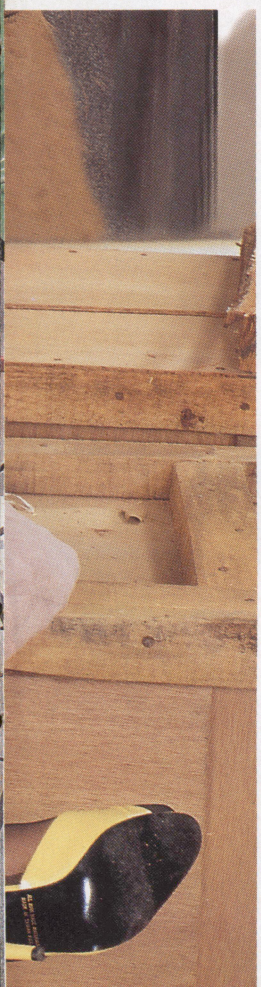


crowd. I could feel my garter straps tug at my stockings, pulling them tight and sexy on my shapely legs. 'This is too much!' another woman said, pulling her man away. I looked over my shoulder at him and his face showed such longing it sent my pussy into convulsions. The other women stalked off then and I turned to the men and said, though I can hardly believe it now, 'Why don't you all take your cocks out?'

"And that's what they did. I posed there like a common slut on the grain sacks and six men pulled out their cocks and jacked off for me. And on me. As they were getting close I just knew I had to have their cum on my breasts and belly and tight shiny stockings. I gave them the jack off sign and said, 'Come on, guys, let me have it!'

"You know what I remember best? The heat. All that cum landing at once was so hot on my skin. Next I remember the look, the pearly globs clinging and running down my stockings, trailing down my belly onto my smooth sensitive pussy. Last I remember how I felt putting my dress on and walking away from that scene. I felt like a woman. A totally desirable, utterly sexy proud slut of a woman. And you know what? I don't even care that the stains never came out of the dress."

*



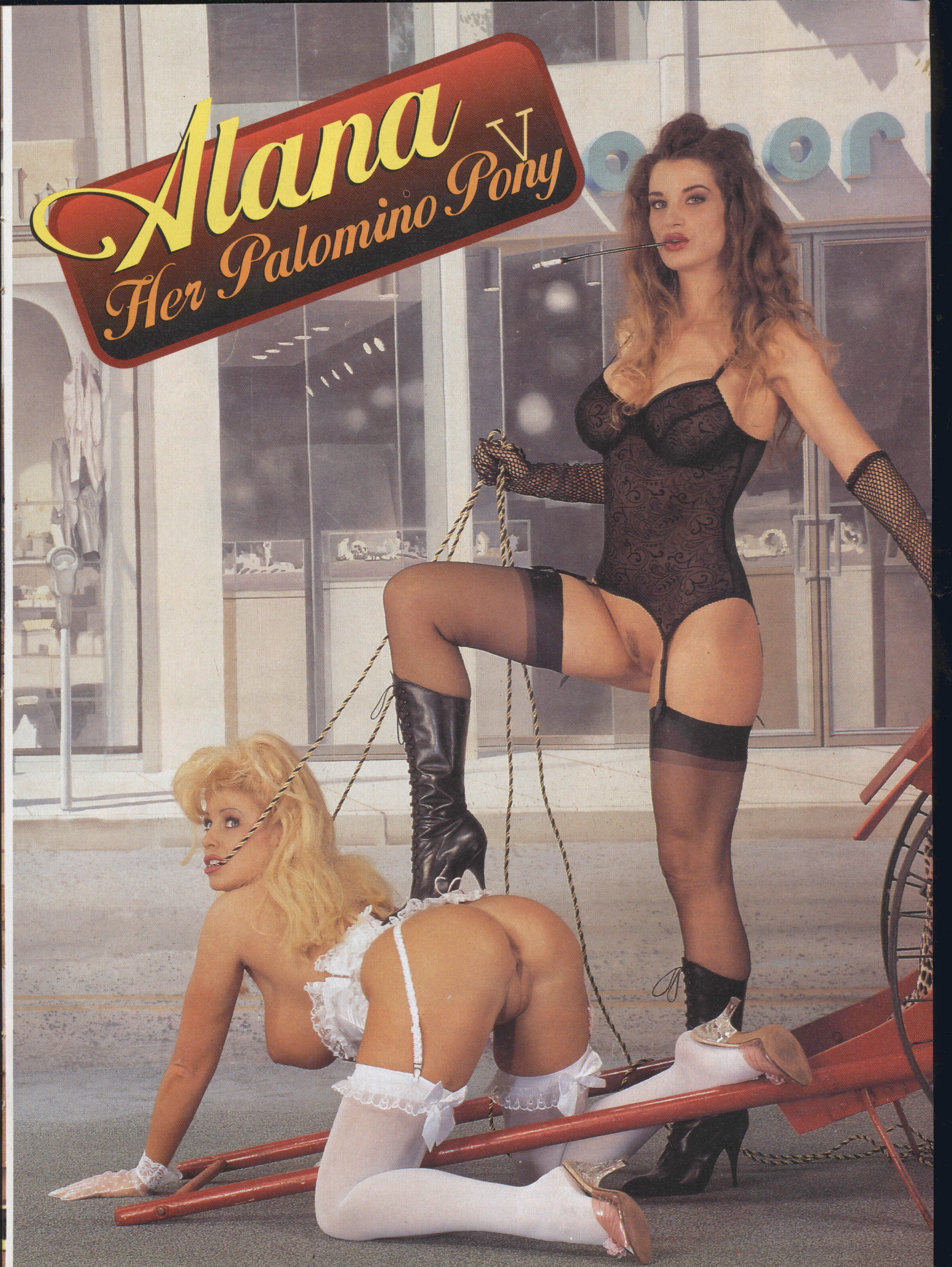





november 1997
LEG SHOW®






Alana
Her Palomino Pony



"Be honest, is there any pleasure greater on this great green earth than being waited on hand and foot? Especially foot, if you're a hideously decadent libertine like me. I'm Alana, of course, the one in the ricksha. There stumbling in the traces is my clumsy pony Goldie. You know I practically lost the fire off my cigarette when the silly slut tripped. How much easier do I have to make it for her? Already the other ladies are laughing, hinting I've gone soft, because I let her wear three inch heels while in harness. Madame Marissa makes her ponies wear five inches at all times, but then she has a brace of them (the show off bitch!) which makes the pulling almost no work at all. I really don't want to see my pony prancing along with no effort, Goldie's straining is a perverse source of pleasure for me. The effort of her pulling makes her delicious buttocks churn quite attractively. I have to say I've spent many a journey in a state of low level arousal due to this display. I snuggle back into my down-filled cushion and idly stroke my cunt as she labors along, the clack of her plastic mules on the pavement providing a sort of rhythm for my busy fingers. Smoking adds to the decadent pleasure. I light cigarettes end to end, hungrily devouring the smoke as my passion builds. Not that I ever actually bring myself to orgasm. One has servants for that. When Goldie stumbled I was really getting quite close, almost thinking about telling her to take us down a side street, find a secluded spot to suck my toes awhile, before allowing her to lick me off. When she stumbled it really irked me. Like, did she know I was feeling really good and stumble just to interrupt my well deserved pleasure? Thinking that made me even madder. One never knows what's going on in the minds of servants, but one can usually count on it being devious. I decided I had to make an example of Goldie.

"She was all apologetic, of course. I'd have none of it. 'Goldie, lick my boot', I commanded.

"'But Madame Alana, we're on the public thoroughfare', she whined.

"'Are you refusing your owner's command?' I asked sharply.

"'Never!', she cried, 'It's just that everyone will see! The other ponies, the ladies, and, well, there are even men around!'

"Men, how she said that word. Of course there were men, cleaning the streets, fixing things, doing what we keep men around for. As a sheltered pony raised in the stable, however, Goldie had never had any real contact with men and experienced the most intense embarrassment in their presence. My cunt clenched deliciously just thinking of how mortified she'd be to have men see her servicing me. I pushed the toe of my boot between her quivering lips.

"'Lick', I commanded, in a great exhalation of smoke. She had to obey.

"Watching Goldie lick my boots while her cheeks burned with shame brought me to the brink of climax. I had to keep turning my thoughts away to keep from cumming. When I told her she had to remove the boots and do my bare feet as well I





thought she'd faint away. Other ladies had stopped their buggies and rickshas and were watching with great amusement, and not a little excitement. The men, well, they were being men. Their cocks bulged against their flies and they lewdly handled their organs through the fabric. By the time I had Goldie's tongue on my cunt other ponies were being pressed into service and the men were openly masturbating. I fitted a new cigarette into my holder and sucked a huge lungful of smoke in as I lit it. That was all it took to push me over the edge. I collapsed back onto my pillows and screamed in all consuming delight. Feminine cries erupted from other conveyances, triggered by my own release, and men grunted as they experienced their own simple epiphanies.

"Goldie looked a bit petulant, but my mood was so elevated, I forgave her sulking. Know when to indulge, I always say. I cracked the whip and we were off." ■









LEG FORUM

continued from page 9

LADIES, START YOUR ENGINES...

As a receptionist at **Arena/Blaze**, I was absolutely appalled by the review you gave my dungeon in the June '97 issue. I wasn't so much offended by the fact that "LEG SHOW" found the staff unhelpful and rude as I was shocked by what the story revealed about your own magazine's lack of sensitivity. Though I was not employed by **Arena/Blaze** when the research for the story was done, I do know (and the accompanying photos show!) that two of my three bosses were very pregnant at the time. It's no wonder that Mistress Carrie was hard to get in touch with and didn't return any phone calls—the woman went into labor right after her photo shoot!

Mistress Carrie, Mistress Leda, and Mistress Sonja Blaze are by far the three hardest working women in the business, two of them working right up through their pregnancies! They are a rare trio in today's commercial world of S&M—three women who actually love what they do and who run their business more like a collective (with frequent staff meetings and a "gripe book") where everyone is free to make suggestions and to voice opinions. They are not only maternally helpful with other staff mistresses (teaching and guiding younger, less experienced dominatrices) but are also adamant about not letting **Arena/Blaze**'s standards fall to the level of the dungeons where they themselves learned the ropes. They are three of the fairest bosses an employee could have. Mistress Carrie especially is one of the most kind-hearted, sensitive women I have ever met in my life. To see her singled out—and to hear later on from one of her partners that tears came to her eyes when she read the cruel review—makes my heart break.

"LEG SHOW" should be ashamed of itself. By the way, no one on the staff of **Arena/Blaze** (including any of my bosses) knows that I am writing this letter. Though an apology is definitely in order, this is not my reason for writing. **Arena/Blaze**'s reputation could never be tarnished by your magazine. My only motive in sending this is the hope that in the future you'll stop and think (and get the whole scoop) before you write.

Sincerely
Lauren

We called the writer who did the "Doms of New York" piece and asked her to respond to Lauren's accusations. Did she ever respond....

Lauren,

*As you were "not employed by **Arena/Blaze** when the research for the story was done," let me introduce myself. My name is H. Katarina Wolf. You may address me as Katarina. I am both a writer and a lifestyle dominant. I wrote the article about your employers.*

Now that we have been introduced, I have a suggestion for you: wipe away your tears, smack a band-aid on your bleeding, broken heart, and check YOUR facts. Your adored Mistress Carrie was indeed pregnant when those photos were taken, and she may well have given birth soon afterwards, but unless she had some LONG labor, her child was several MONTHS old when I called her for an interview.

*I called for Carrie at **Arena/Blaze** four or five times. Each time I called, I identified myself to the living corpses I spoke with, and did my best to make sure that they understood why I was calling. I also let them know that I had a* DEADLINE *(no pun intended).*

Every time I called, Mommie Dearest was always unavailable to speak with me. She was either in session or simply not there. All I was ever told was that Carrie kept "irregular hours." Okay, fine, no problem—so I left a message. Then another. Then another. Then another. Every time I left a message, I gave my home number, another contact number, AND a pager number. Granted, I left those messages with some pretty rude, brain-dead people, but Carrie had to have gotten at least ONE. And assuming she did get at least one, I think it was pretty damned stupid of her to disregard it.

And now I hear that she had tears in her eyes because she thought my review was cruel? Well, well. Maybe your staff should learn to be a little more responsive and helpful, and maybe Carrie should have returned my calls. Get a clue ladies. Is common courtesy really that far beyond you people?

Which reminds me, what's this crap about Carrie being singled out? SHE posed for the pictures. SHE knew they were going to be used in LEG SHOW. SHE chose to ignore my phone calls. It seems to me that Carrie singled HERSELF out.

*Furthermore, she did one hell of a job of it. Of the three other dungeons I reviewed—specifically: **The Playground of Mistress Alexis, Pandora's Box, & Nutcracker Suite**—virtually all concerned (including staff, owners, and Mistresses) were pleasant, polite, and helpful. THEY answered my questions. THEY returned messages. Simply, THEY cared enough to make sure that they were reviewed well in an internationally-read magazine. Wake up, Lauren—I gave Carrie and **Arena/Blaze** every chance I could before my deadline came—your employers short-sightedly dropped the ball every time.*

*Oh yeah, about this apology you think I owe your employers—not too bloody likely—but I have another idea. How about Carrie and **Arena/Blaze** apologizing to ME for the unfathomable rudeness of their staff? How about an apology from Carrie for wasting my time and LEG SHOW's? How about an apology from YOU for your pathetic wet-hankie of a letter?*

*But don't run off quite yet, Lauren—I have a consolation prize for you. With all the "maternal" Mistresses, little children and crying, brain-dead staff running around **Arena/Blaze**, maybe you could suggest to your bosses that they might be better off getting out of the SM business and opening up a day care center.*

Now go get your brownie points.
H. Katarina Wolf

•

2nd annual Miss Pretty Feet contest!

Lorraine of San Diego's **Dove Art Gallery** tells me they had such an amazing response to our coverage of *The Miss Pretty Feet* contest (June '97 issue) that they're making it an annual event. The *2nd Annual Miss Pretty Feet USA* pageant will take place at *The Whiplash Ball*, held November 1st at The Abbey in San Diego. While all fetishists are invited, the ball has a definite foot slant and will include a foot kissing booth where fans can actually kiss the feet of LEG SHOW beauties. Sarah Jane Hamilton from the August '97 issue will be Mistress of Ceremonies. You can order tickets now for $35 or buy them at the door for $50. **Call Lorraine at 619-295-4322 for details.**

continued from page 16

Kali Ana had a friend name Mistress Florice who had a lot of body work done on her. A lot of tattoos. We did one session. A wonderful session. She wore one of my high-waisted vintage panty girdles. She had this marvelous thin waist and haughty attitude. She was twenty-seven years old and the only woman I ever knew that used a cigarette as an intimate part of the session. It was a great combination of smoking and girdles. She had me restrained with my hands tied above my head and she was teasing me and smoking a cigarette, taking it through her mouth and breathing the smoke into my face. Very simple but it left a very powerful image that stays with me. I used to see Olivia Outre and her submissive slave, Rusty. She was a protégé of Porsche Lynn's. She's also worked with Alexis Paine. I remember one time I was coming back from Japan with a female friend and I had a session with Olivia and Rusty. There three of them were wearing white girdles and white stockings. They were terribly brutal to me and they made me lick Rusty's tits for a while.

That was my second multiple girdle session. The first one took place on my birthday at a 'play party' in Maryland when three of my friends put on girdles and tortured me by making me rub up against their butts with my bare cock until I came. It was a terrible experience (author note: he is grinning). By the way, in 1986, I mentally made a list of all the women I had seen in session and at that time it was about 110! Remember I started in 1974. I'm pretty sure it has gone up by a factor of 2 since '86.

I started my playing in the Bay Area. The woman I most fondly remember was Mistress Kitty. I met her at the Villa Rey Modeling Studio in Hayward, California. I also was lucky enough to do a session with Mistress Lana White. She was moving into directions that were too severe for me. We didn't communicate well in one session and I needed to stop it and didn't realize I had a 'safe' word to use. But she directed me to Mistress Monique who worked in Albany, California. Imagine taking a suburban housewife and turning her into a dominant. That was Monique. I remember her dressed before going into one session. She was wearing a dildo harness. This was long before I had the courage to ask someone to do that to me. She had a smile on her face as she was ready to go through that door. The feeling of power she had with that harness on!

She had a friend whose name I don't recall, but she wore a leather halter top and garter belt and we conducted the entire session in French. It turned out years later that she was a vice principal of a Junior High School! Mistress Maro was also a suburban housewife that was introduced to domination through the swinging scene. She was fifty years old when I met her but she was one hot and nasty woman. She had a real wild streak and in the right session you were along for Maro's ride.

At the Chateau there was a 'switch' named Jossette and we would do a sensual switch-hitting session. Also a tall auburn-haired Canadian named Aura with porcelain skin.

Then there was Caprice, Katherine, and Maxine but my memory is too thin at the moment to remember all the women.

EK: That is quite a legacy.

Flash forward to late evening in a San Francisco hotel room and the Girdle Man with his open girdle bag is on his knees before the powerful Mistress Josephine. She puts him through his paces as I man (or is that mouse?) the camera. It's intense, so intense I need recovery time after this one. I'll let Neil Wexler get Mistress Josephine's side.....

a chat with

MISTRESS JOSEPHINE

Interview by Neil Wexler

Mistress Josephine has been a pro-dom for about two and a half years. "I'm very skilled at humiliation," she says, "I love to give golden showers, and I enjoy very intense kinds of play; heavy psychological scenes are my specialty." She's a lifestyle mistress with part-time slaves in private life: mostly male, but a few female subs too. She's been keeping them "very busy" lately because she's just opened her own dungeon after working in another, well-respected house since the beginning of her professional career. Naturally, many of her regulars have followed to her new establishment, a private facility just for herself and another mistress. Although she grew up in L.A., she's been in San Francisco ten years now.

Domination "came rather naturally," she says with a friendly laugh. "I'm naturally very bossy, and I like things done my way, mm-hmm." She loves fetish clothes, high heels, stockings, and "latex is one of my obsessions. And I very much enjoy girdles. That's something I've liked since I was a teenager; I remember going into thrift stores and finding vintage girdles and buying them. Although I didn't really feel I had anywhere to wear them, I couldn't keep my hands off them."

LEG SHOW: When you did this shoot with the Girdle Man, you already knew each other?

JOSEPHINE: Yes, for a couple of years now. First as a client, then we became friends.

LEG SHOW: And you also like girdles yourself.

JOSEPHINE: I like them because they're very retro, a traditional kind of undergarment. They're very evocative, almost archetypal; because I think that everybody, when they think of a "mom," for some reason they'll think of these foundation garments even if their mother never wore them. It's like the 50s mom, the classic Mother. A really powerful image, a woman in a girdle. I also like them because they're restrictive yet flexible. I enjoy the sexy tight feeling, feeling certain things pushed up, pushed down, and pushed out. Yet I personally don't really enjoy wearing corsets. Although I think they look sexy as hell, I find them very uncomfortable and difficult to move in—which for me as a dominant is the opposite of how I want to feel. I want to feel powerful, like I can do whatever I want. I'm also very physical in scenes, so I want something I can move around in and not be restricted by if I want to get active. So I do wear girdles in scenes, mm-hmm.

LEG SHOW: Any particular favorites?

JOSEPHINE: Well, I have a favorite garter belt that the Girdle Man gave me, which is very nice, very versatile. It's see-through and lacy in the back, and you can see my ass through it, but it's kind of covered and I like that; that veiled look of my ass getting squished in by this nice garter belt. (Laughs)

LEG SHOW: When you're wearing a girdle, do you have your slaves worship your ass through it?

JOSEPHINE: Well, if they're lucky, I certainly do! (Laughs)

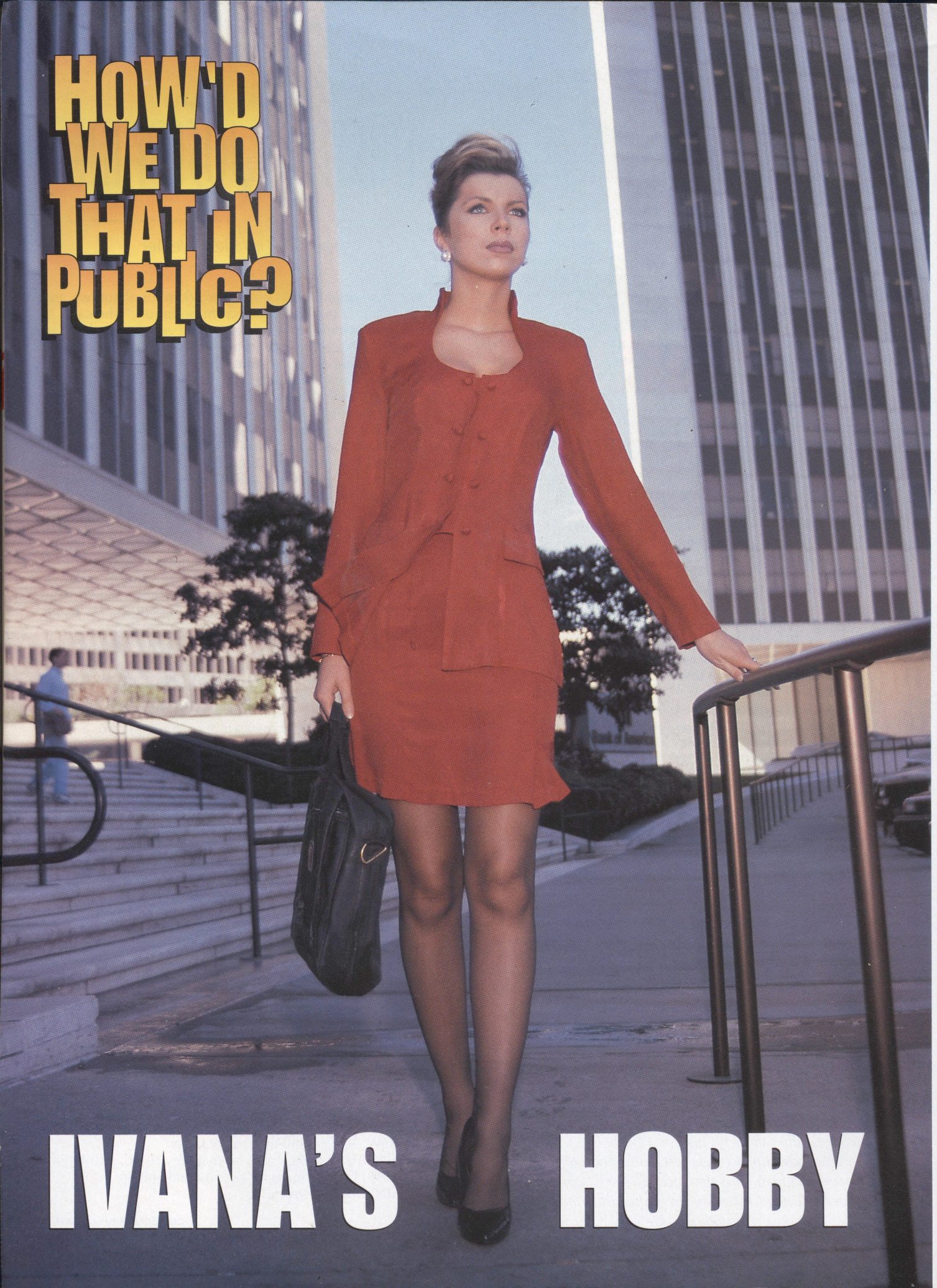
LEG SHOW: And what if they're not lucky?

JOSEPHINE: They just get to wish that they could, mm-hmm.

LEG SHOW: Do you mind if I ask how old you are?

JOSEPHINE: Twenty-seven.

continued on page 110


HOW'D WE DO THAT IN PUBLIC?
IVANA'S HOBBY



How do you feel when you see a woman like me on the street? Do you look at my fine suit, my expensive pumps, my elegant hair and make-up and think, 'She'd never have anything to do with me?' Do you imagine I'm the spoiled wife of a wealthy man, or a bitchy executive who fucked her way to the top and now will only spread for some butch dyke with a 12 speed strap-on? That's just what I want you to think! The more inaccessible you see me, the more lust and hatred you feel, the more priceless your reaction when I flip up my skirt and show you my naked cunt!

"I am married to a wealthy man, and I also have a cushy executive job with a cosmetic's company. Before that I was a fashion model. Not a super model, but up there, making big money, getting what I wanted. It's been that way since I was fourteen and was discovered by the agency scout during a sailing weekend at Nag's Head. Yes, mummy and daddy weren't too shabby, either. I had my own New York apartment at 16, with a maid to pick up after me, and I dated only the most promising young men. Hate me yet? Good. Anger is so sexy. So primitive. I always baited my dates, teasing and humiliating them, and they let me. They let me because I was pretty and rich and a model, every man's dream. And I got where I would dream up new ways to belittle them in public, making them carry my purse, plopping my feet in their laps in restaurants for massage, playing




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with their cocks under the table 'til they'd squirt, then pointing it out to their friends; or mother, in one memorable case. I got a reputation as a first class bitch, but it never slowed the flow of dates. It was just my interest that slowed, these twits were so easy. I longed for a man to challenge me.

"That's when I began flashing. It's only regular men I flash, not men like my husband, or anyone who could be my husband. For them I'm the Ice Queen. But a working man, a truck driver, a delivery boy, a garbage man, any sweaty physical real guy, he can see my pussy. And the ice melts when I see his shock turn to lust, when I see him realizing the Madonna is actually a whore. If his lust and contempt are great enough, and his bulge fat enough, I go with him.

"I've sucked cock in the cab of a cement truck, in stinking hallways and crouched between garbage cans in a Chinatown alley. I've bent over the skylight on a Brooklyn rooftop and taken it up the ass from a cop on duty. He refused to indulge my fantasy of him 'forcing' me at gun point, but it was still enormously gratifying. I showed my elegant trimmed pussy to two black bikers near the Botanical Gardens in the Bronx. My husband was inside at a lovely brunch. My new friends took me to a basement laundry room and fucked me repeatedly atop a dryer. I still shiver when I recall the size of their cocks. I examined my pussy in a hand mirror later, as my husband slept. It was still swollen, red and gaping with sperm crusted on my thighs and buttocks. The sight of it excited me so much I had to masturbate twice before I could sleep.

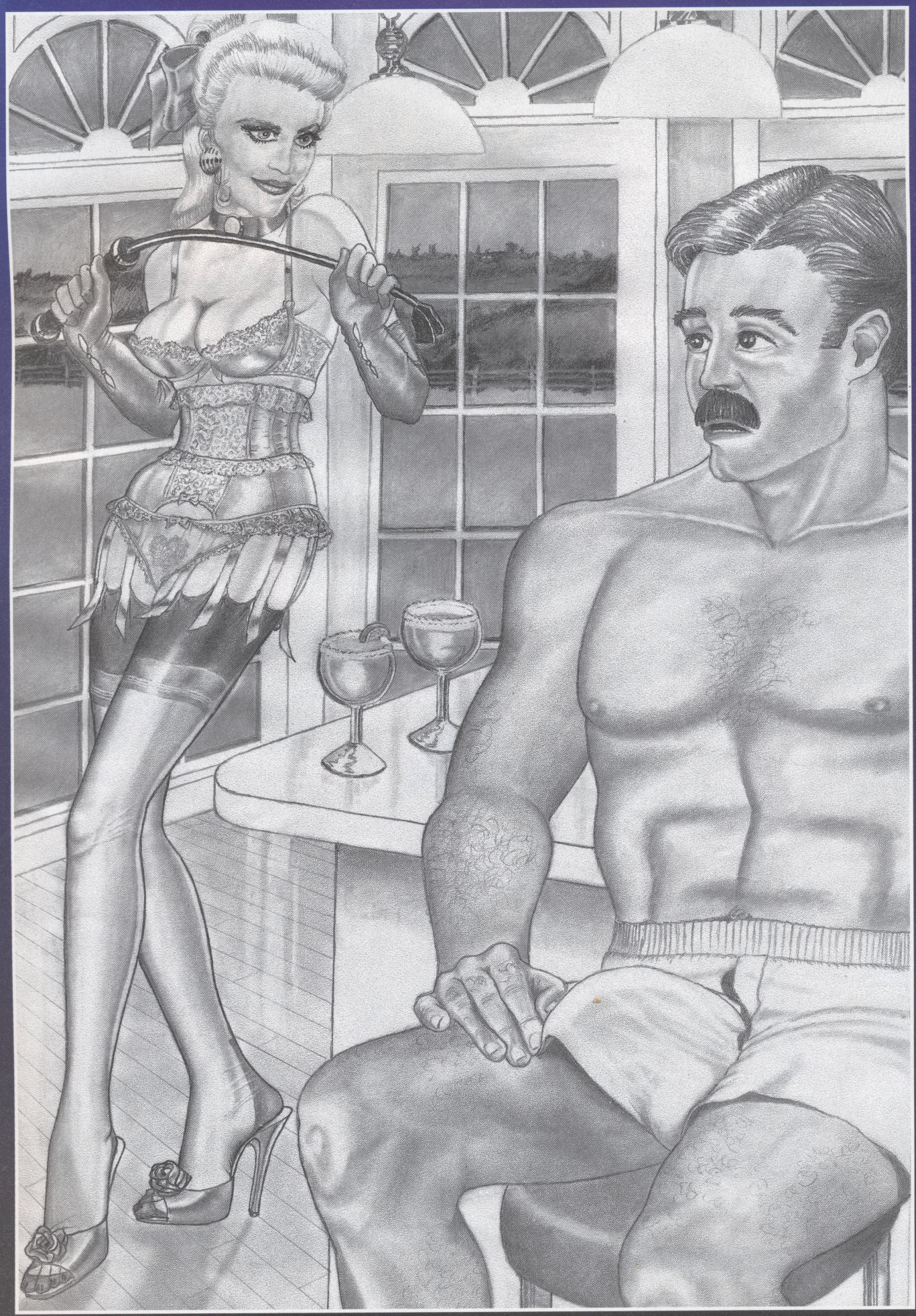
"I suppose my husband would be quite upset if he were to discover my hobby. I imagine there could be scandal. It's an acceptable risk. If I had to be just a beautiful rich woman with a handsome husband and a good job, where would my life's meaning be? You give my existence meaning, when my skirt's around my waist and your bone's up my butt."

●




Basic Emergency
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When passion wanes, there's always "Plan B!"

TANGO *In High Heels*

Dan fell in love with Brooke the first time he set eyes on her. She was a sixteen-year-old cheerleader for the high school football team he played on. He was fascinated by the way her high, full breasts stretched the letter sweater whenever she jumped for a cheer. But it was her long, shapely legs, in bobby socks and sneakers, striding confidently up and down the sidelines that first got his attention. Even though she was 18 months older than he was, Dan knew he had to have her.

In addition to being beautiful, Brooke was extremely bright and graduated college with honors while Dan was still a junior. She went on to complete law school while Dan finished his MBA work. They married after graduate school. Brooke never took the bar exam and was contented, for now, with the role of Dan's wife.

Dan's father owned a local beer distributorship and Dan was made sales manager. Competent and hardworking, Dan's contribution to the company resulted in substantial growth. He was promoted to vice-president and the couple enjoyed an affluent lifestyle. This meant that they were on every mailing list.

While looking for a flashlight in the garage, Brooke found a catalogue of sexy shoes and exotic lingerie amidst the clutter on Dan's workbench. She remembered the catalogue because she had considered ordering a pair of high-heeled bedroom slippers, but threw it in the trash can because she was sure Dan wasn't interested in her wearing anything when they went to bed together. They were always naked and he seemed to like it that way.

Dan reminisced about the high school days and nights he shared with Brooke as he drove home from work. She was the first girl he had been serious about. It was 10 years later and Brooke's legs still looked great, maybe better. When they were out together, he knew other men envied him.

Despite the fact that he had a gorgeous wife, recent changes in her approach toward him and the repetition of their routine had dampened his enthusiasm for sex with her. Over the years, she had become more sexually aggressive, sometimes even demanding sex from him. He wasn't sure why his own interest had waned at about the time of his 25th birthday, but he was putting in long and difficult hours at the office and he often felt spent by the time he arrived home.

Examining herself in the floor to ceiling mirror in the living room, Brooke had to admit, she still looked good. At 27, her waist was trim, her ass was high and round, and her tits were as firm as ever. She speculated about the decline in the sexual interest of her once eager beau. But tonight she was initiating a strategy that would revitalize Dan's ardor.

After she found the catalogue among Dan's things, she realized that her husband had a secret appetite for women wearing intimate accessories and high-heeled shoes. She ordered many items from the catalogue, enough for six complete outfits. She devised a plan for putting new zest into their sex life, one way or another.

Tonight, she was dolled up in an ensemble of hot pink lace, which included a waist cincher that laced up the back, a frilly garter belt with four shiny ribbon straps for each stocking and tiny matching bikini. She wore a lace encrusted push-up bra that barely covered her nipples and yet squeezed her large breasts together to create deep cleavage.

Brooke's sturdy legs were sheathed in sheer, full-fashioned, taupe nylon stockings that reached all the way to her crotch. The eight garter straps pulled the wide, dark stocking tops into evenly spaced peaks and ensured that the seams would stay as straight as she had fixed them when she slid them up her legs. Her perfect size six feet were tilted up in open-toed, pink satin mules with tapering five inch heels, buff leather soles and a red silk rose standing up from the vamp.

The red theme was picked up in the long, glimmering satin gloves which gripped Brooke's slender arms like a second skin. A wide red velvet ribbon encircled her graceful neck and sported a pink and white cameo. Her long blonde hair was pulled back by a wide red satin ribbon tied in a big bow which released an up-arching ponytail that ended in a slight curl between her shoulder blades.

She admired herself in the mirror, flexing her fingers inside the gloves, adjusting the tiny, transparent panties over the blonde pussy fleece she'd trimmed to a heart shape. She was unaccustomed to standing in shoes with five inch heels but her well toned muscles soon adapted to the walking-on-tiptoe stance that the mules demanded of her small feet.

While inspecting her luscious reflected image, Brooke reviewed her strategy for the evening. She was presenting herself in this ultra-feminine packaging to so attract and arouse her husband that he would forgo his newspaper reading regimen and fuck her. But if her able-bodied spouse failed to respond to her clearly seductive message, she had a backup plan.

When Brooke heard the front door, she busied herself with straightening the soft pink ribbons which covered the garter clasps. As Dan entered the living room he beheld a vision which startled and intrigued him. It was Brooke, but in a whole new light. He suspected that she was dressed this way because of some new home party sales business one of her girlfriends had talked her into. He thought of many explanations, but none of them involved the possibility that this costume was about seducing him.

He planted his typical home-from-work kiss on her cheek and sat in one of the barstools beside the high kitchen counter they used as a bar. Brooke had prepared Margaritas and he poured one for himself and offered one to her. She told him to leave it on the counter.

While drinking from the long stemmed glass rimmed with salt, he watched his wife pose for herself. First, she was a cutie with her hands on her hips. Then, she provocatively thrust out her pelvis. Then she turned slightly away from the mirror and arched her back to show off her ass.

While he couldn't take his eyes off his wife, Dan was nervous because he somehow didn't understand what this show was all about. He was excited by the tapping sound of her heels on the hardwood floor and the clop-clop-clop of the shoes slapping against the bottoms of her feet as she paraded back and forth. The pink lace

by Rolf Austen • illustration by Ray C. Artz

deepened the color of her beautiful tan and he recalled the softness of her thighs as he watched them flex within the stocking tops and garter straps which stretched whenever she moved. Her spherical ass cheeks had always pleased him, but tonight her hips were made even rounder by the tightly-laced cincher that constrained her waist and forced her middle into a clearly defined hourglass. And her big tits were held tightly together, bulging up above the restraining lace scallop of the unyielding push-up bra which Brooke had painstakingly adjusted to thrilling perfection.

She suddenly turned and walked toward her husband, her heels tapping an irresistible cadence. She stood facing him as he sat on the barstool, one hand holding the glass on the counter, the other resting on the arm of the chair. Brooke posed, bending her left leg slightly so that her left knee touched her right, her palms at her sides, facing forward, open, offering, her eyes looking straight at his. Then she crossed her left arm under her bra and brought her right hand up to the corner of her lips and looked away as if playfully scheming something. Strutting about the living room, she presented herself as a living pinup.

"How do I look?" she asked.

"You look fabulous," Dan said, shaken out his trance. "But you always look great to me." At close range Dan could see how his wife had used a matte crimson lipstick, blush, eyeliner, mascara, and several colors of eye shadow to make herself up as a dish that was indeed good enough to eat.

"How was your day?" he asked, obliquely inquiring about, yet ignoring, her glamorous costume. Wrong answer, she thought to herself.

"Fine," she said. "How are things at the office?"

"A truck broke down on the west side, and it took all day to get the deliveries to all the clubs and restaurants on that route. And we heard about a brewery takeover that could have a big effect on our competition. There's an article about it in the business section." He picked up the paper, leafing through the pages for the article.

Wrong answer, again, she said to herself, almost audibly. Her anger swelled as she watched her husband pay more attention to the newspaper than to his wife.

If you had two brain cells to rub together, she thought, you might have realized by the way I'm dressed that I wanted something special to happen between us tonight. But my successful husband is so preoccupied with business that he can't tell when his wife is trying to seduce him.

"It's been six weeks since we've had any sex. I want you to get in that bedroom right now and give your wife what she deserves."

"I will in a minute, honey," Dan said, finding the article. She's doing it again, he thought, demanding sex, like she did on Wednesday night, after I kept the loading dock open three extra hours to take delivery on a late shipment. He felt his dick shrink a little. "Just let me finish reading this, and I'll be right in."

The blackness of this rod stood out in sharp contrast to Brooke's pink, red and tan.

Brooke was outraged by Dan's casual indifference and grabbed the newspaper, rolled it up, slapped both sides of his face with it and threw it aside.

"I'm not taking any more of this from you," she proclaimed, shaking a gloved finger at him, so close to his nose that he could smell the sweet perfume she had sprayed on her wrist. "We're putting a stop to you ignoring me tonight." She turned and strode out of the room toward the hall, where she took a package out of the closet. Dan watched the exciting symmetry of her beautiful legs stamping in the seamed hose.

She stormed back into the room, shoved the lamp, knickknacks and coasters on the high table onto the seat of the sofa in front of it and placed a long, flat box on top of it. She lifted the lid and threw it in front of the couch. She withdrew something that Dan had never seen before. It was an ornate, black leather riding crop. The thick handle had spheres of woven leather strips at each end and sterling rings framed both of them. The thin shaft had a tight wrap of leather, carefully stitched along a single seam and two flat, forked tongues at the end.

As she wrapped her small gloved fingers around the handle, the blackness of this rod stood out in sharp on contrast to Brooke's pink, red and tan. It whistled as she whipped it around. To Dan, the black thing seemed dirty in the satin grasp of his pristine cheerleader in lace and ponytail. His mouth was dry. He could not speak. Wives of quarterbacks weren't supposed to wield whips in the living room.

She approached the mirror and looked at the crop in her hand. She held it upright, a scepter of authority, then held it with both hands, bending it above her head, across her chest. She tapped her upturned palm and examined the workmanship of the carefully stitched, rolled edges of the tongues.

For years he had a passion for high heels and sheer stockings, especially with dark seams. He felt a bit ashamed of it, thought of it as a little unnatural for a regular guy and a football player. Now, as though she could read his mind, his wife was presenting herself to him as a high-heeled lingerie goddess, ready to be fucked. Unfortunately for both of them, Dan had missed his cue and this explicit image of insistent sexuality was angry with him now.

Dan stared at the confident, almost haughty figure of his wife. He was captivated by this willful image of female power. Dan's eyes followed the red glove on her right arm as Brooke flicked the riding crop. He felt himself becoming aroused and shifted himself on the barstool to conceal the bulge behind his fly, a motion which his wife recognized. Brooke smiled contemptuously as she slowly approached her husband.

"Tonight we're going to do something that will definitely improve our marriage. Since my husband isn't snappy enough to figure out when his wife wants to fuck, we'll take a different approach that I call 'Plan B.'"

"What's Plan B?" Dan stammered.

"See this whip in my hand?" she asked facetiously, pressing the tip of it beside his nose. He nodded nervously, smelling the aroma of fresh leather, a new but stimulating sensation for him. "From now on, we're going to call this whip, 'Plan B.' It will be a facilitating instrument for intimate psychodrama that I will devise for the sexual rehabilitation of our marriage. That wet spot on your pants tells me that you like it." Dan's face turned red and he rubbed his thighs together to conceal his obvious excitement. He did indeed feel a bit embarrassed that the intensely female—yet dominant—image of his wife wielding a whip aroused him as it did.

Without additional conversation, Brooke began whipping her husband with the riding crop. She didn't try to shred his

clothing, but she hit him hard enough to make him feel he was being slapped by leather and to ask her to stop.

He rose from the barstool and tried to fend off her blows with his arms. When he turned his sore chest away from her, she hit his ass.

"How dare you deny me my conjugal rights?" she spat. The more she hit him, the angrier she grew, the more painful her strokes. Dan had a trim, muscular build and, on a typical day, was four inches taller than his wife. But, standing in her heels, Brooke towered over her husband as he cowered to protect himself from her relentless blows.

She stopped suddenly and told him to take off his shirt. When he hesitated, she hit him again and again until he complied. He pulled at his necktie, threw it aside, then yanked apart his shirt.

She grabbed his chin and forced him to look at the end of the riding crop which she positioned inches from his eyes, now filled with fear. Shoving his chin, she ordered him to take off his pants. Recognizing the threat and thinking that doing this would keep her from hitting him, he complied immediately.

She needed to come and her husband, chained as he was, provided visual stimulation.

Earlier that day, Brooke had locked one end of a chain to their restaurant-quality oven and hidden the other end on the counter above it under some place mats. While Dan was occupied with his task, she reached down to the kitchen counter on the other side of the bar and drew out the chain she had hidden there. She quickly wrapped the chain around his neck and fastened it with a padlock.

When he protested against being chained, she ignored him and commanded that he remove his shoes and socks. Arrogant and delicious, she posed before him, watching him stand on one foot, then the other, in compliance with her instructions.

"Brooke, honey, this has gone far enough," he pleaded. "Let me go now and we can have…"

"Silence," she commanded. He shut up. A disdainful smile curled Brooke's lush red lips. Her eyes widened with mischievous glee as she surveyed the massive erection sprouting from just below her husband's washboard abdomen. His cock was as thick as a rolling pin, as pink as her lingerie, and seemed to be pointing up at her heaving, outthrust breasts. She returned to the box on the table and took out an ordinary ruler. She walked over to him and pressed it against his feverish rod.

"Eight and a half horny inches of you tells me you don't feel rejected." She wrapped her small, satin-covered hand around his record breaking hard-on and believed she felt it swell in her grasp. She saw panic in his eyes. "Can the rest of you acknowledge what your cock so proudly announces?"

"We're going to dance tonight, my dear husband. The dance is called The High Heel Tango. Like the romantic tango, it is a dance of dominance and surrender. But our version will incorporate additional fetish elements. You see, I accidentally discovered your fetishistic proclivities a month ago when I found a certain catalogue on your workbench. I'm sure that you've hidden similar materials elsewhere in our home. I'm equally aware of why you keep them: to jack off when I'm not around. You never had the balls to tell me you were so inclined. Now that I've dressed myself as your fetish queen, I find that I like myself in this role.

"Think of this as role playing, if it makes you feel any better. But you are going to do exactly as I direct or I will whip you again." She returned to the box and withdrew an object wrapped in white tissue paper. She laid the crop on the table and approached her husband, whose eyes darted up and down, from her feet, perched in their high heel mules, to the parcel she was carrying. Holding it between them, she unraveled the paper, disclosing a gleaming, black patent pump with a pencil thin heel that was seven inches long.

Dan had never been that close to such a sexy shoe. Brooke gently placed the top of the heel to his nostrils and swiped the tapering length of it against his mustache. Dan yearned for her to shove the heel into his mouth so that he might taste the patent leather and trace its edges with his tongue. At the same time, he felt shame at the thought of his wife seeing him do something as degrading as licking a shoe. And while it might be an activity he would experiment with under conditions of certain privacy, having his suddenly dominating wife force it upon him while chained up as her captive, under her ominous inspection, seemed dreadfully emasculating. Quarterbacks didn't spend their leisure time licking women's shoes; they spent their time fucking or playing golf.

She turned the shoe, pressing the pointed toe just under his nose. He looked from the shiny leather to the threatening glint in Brooke's sexy eyes. While she just held it there, he both longed to lick the vamp and the sole and at the same time prayed that she would break into one of those friendly laughs which made her so popular and end this exotic charade.

"Earlier, you wouldn't fuck me, pretending to be occupied with business matters. Now, you can't fuck me because I've chained you. Now, you will do as I say." She moved the point of the toe between his lips. "You have the privilege of licking your wife's shoe. Open your mouth and stick out your tongue." Obstinate and frightened, Dan shook his head from side to side and protested: "No. I won't. I'm not that kind." Quarterbacks don't lick shoes.

"Yes, you are, and we both know it. Consider this just a sex game, if it makes you more comfortable. But you will suck on my shoe when I tell you to," Brooke commanded as she again pressed the toe between his lips. Dan shook it away and shrank fearfully back to the bar, the chain thunking against its edge.

"How dare you disobey me while I'm giving you exactly what you crave?" Brooke squinted at him and picked up the riding crop from the table, taking time to encircle her slender wrist with the wrist loop that was attached where the shaft met the handle. She slashed a few practice strokes through the air and approached her cringing husband.

She told him to put his hands on his head and, to avoid making her any angrier, he did. Then she began whipping him with "Plan B", holding the shoe in her other hand. As she whipped him, he turned back and forth to avoid the blows, his turgid pole wobbling helplessly. Without his clothes on, the riding crop really stung him.

"I'm whipping you as punishment for disobeying me, and you have the audacity to wantonly wave your dick around! Reach down and hold it still with both your hands," a breathless Brooke ordered. Dan gripped his pulsing gristle, leaving the head exposed. He winced with each stroke as Brooke wreaked a nasty rhythm of leather smacks upon his unprotected

glans. After she had beaten it into a swollen plum, he nodded his head in gasping capitulation.

She thrust the toe of the shoe into his mouth and directed him to lick the smooth leather. Then she ordered him to hold the shoe in his hands with the sole facing his mouth so that he could lick it like a lollipop. Dan's prodigious cock pointed up at the ceiling as he washed the slick tan leather with his tongue.

Satisfied that her husband was learning his proper place in the household, Brooke faced the mirror to review the bizarre domestic tableau. As though she were a model in front of a photographer, she struck a series of sexy poses, both menacing and regal, all while holding Plan B, symbol of authority over her domain. Exercising exotic power over "the man of the house" filled her with sexual heat, and her steaming pussy had soaked her lacy panties with the musky ooze of arousal.

Dan watched his wife's performance with lascivious interest. He saw the toned muscles of her legs and thighs flex within the sheer, taut hosiery, and the space between the heels of each petite foot and the insole of each shoe open and close as she gracefully pranced and postured in her sexy high-heeled mules. The red accents of the otherwise pink uniform drew attention to sleek limbs in motion. To Dan, Brooke seemed to be enjoying the performance, as both artist and audience. It excited him, but he was afraid that this voluptuous display would make him come.

Brooke had worked herself up to a heady peak of sexual focus. Although the ribbons and lace of her boudoir ensemble suggested accommodating femininity, she was now seized by urgent hunger. Her nipples had thickened to a painful hardness she had never before experienced. She reached up and moved the stiff lace edge of the push-up bra to expose each nipple and squeezed them with her gloved fingers. This was a nasty-looking counterpoint to the pink lingerie set—two ridged and reddened buds, the size of thimbles, rubbing against the lacy scallop, supported by her hard, heaving bosom.

As his wife approached him, Dan stared at those stiffened nipples, standing up like attending sentries on each side of her luscious cleavage. Brooke grabbed the shoe and immediately shoved the glossy toe into his mouth, positioning his hands to support it.

"Suck it like this, now," she ordered. Then, gripping his shoulders, she moved him to where his back faced the wall mirror, stretching out the chain that encircled his neck. She took the wrist loop of the riding crop and hung it on her husband, using his thick, upright penis as a coat hook.

Brooke stepped back, taking in this moment of bizarre triumph. Standing with her back against the table, she could view both her own erotically adorned reflection in the mirror and the compliant figure of her husband, engaged in ardent shoe worship at her expressed whim.

"I can see, Dan darling, that you like this kind of fun and games. Your cock doesn't lie to me. I must admit I like it too," she announced.

"I like to see you in the role of obedient husband, licking my shoes. I hope you've learned that you must do exactly as I instruct or your lovely wife will whip you." Brooke's demeaning monologue excited Dan even more, as he sniffed the intoxicating aroma of the shoe in his mouth. He was afraid he was going to shoot his wad into thin air, which would give his wife pretext for additional humiliation.

Brooke took off her gloves. With both hands, she reached inside her tight panties, two fingers spreading her pussy lips, and the other seeking the distended dome of her clit. She needed to come and her husband, chained as he was, provided visual stimulation.

"Now I want to watch you lick that long stiletto heel," Brooke instructed her husband while fingering herself. She saw him reposition the shoe. "Lick the heel from end to end." This exercise of wifely authority was a real turn-on for Brooke and she felt her juicy cunt spasm as she watched her husband's tongue swipe the patent leather. She spread her feet apart to have better access to her cunt. Each lush instep strained out from the vamp of the mules and Dan sneaked a peek at the deep oval shadow between her high arches and the curved white insoles. Dan heard her moan as she was seized by the intense pleasure of the moment.

Brooke then told him to reach down with one hand and stroke his cock while looking at her pussy. He followed her instruction, but was careful not to stimulate himself to the point of ejaculation. Leaning back against the table, Brooke was furiously stroking her clit. The view of her husband jacking off while licking her shoe put her over the edge. She came so hard her body quaked. She groaned with pleasure and satisfaction, louder than Dan had ever heard in the bedroom.

In a few minutes she settled down. Dan was still stroking himself.

"It's time for you to come now, big boy," Brooke observed devilishly, walking toward her masturbating husband. "Get your hand out of the way and let me help you with that nasty thing." Dan did as he was told. She lifted Plan B from its throbbing hook. The purplish bulb on the end of his cock told Brooke that her husband was close to eruption. She saw panic in his eyes and she began to slap the nodding head of his cock with the forked leather tongues of the riding crop. She wasn't trying to hurt him. She just wanted to tease him past the boiling point while amusing herself with his overheated circumstances, like a royal bitch, toying with his senses, his pride, his dignity, his manhood.

As a final gesture of his complete humiliation, Brooke made Dan hold the riding crop between his teeth, while she took off her soaked panties. She took the shoe from his hands and wiped the musky cunt syrup all over the shoe. Then, taking up the crop again, she handed the high-heeled pump back to him and told him to lick it all off. While he did this, she stretched her tiny panties over his head, positioning the drenched crotch panel just below his nose. Then she returned to tantalizing him with the riding crop.

"Our sex life used to be pretty good. I wanted you as my lover because of your size. You're a strong man with a big dick, and small ones just don't do it for me. But I always thought that there was something missing in our sex life, I thought that there ought to be more to it than what we had. Then, when we stopped fucking, I knew something was wrong. When I found the shoe and lingerie catalogue, I got the message." She lightly slapped his cock, teasing the edge of the glans.

"But because you behaved like such an ass an hour ago, I now know that I enjoy the role of dominant fetish queen, a lot. I also know that you are ready to submit to me as your Venus in high heels. Whenever I want to get turned on or have my husband surrender to his wife's authority, all I need to do is dress myself in heels, hose and tight fitting undergarments. That's what brings my husband to his knees. I believe that you left that catalogue on your workbench because something inside you hoped that I would find it. Now your dream has come true."

The personal power of Brooke's statement combined with the confidence in her stance thrilled Dan. He recognized this as the most exciting moment of his life. The sustained teasing friction urged him toward orgasm, but he tried to think non-sexual thoughts to prevent ejaculation. When he saw that sexy, playful smile and the girlish blonde pony tail whipping around as she spoke, he lost all control. A great white jet of thick cream shot out of his reddened cock as he stood before his wife with a chain locked around his neck, smelling her soaked panties, and cleaning her shoe with his tongue.

That Friday was the first of many bizarre soirees for Brooke and Dan. In the adventures that followed, Dan learned how to enjoy being himself in an alternative lifestyle for former quarterbacks.

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"Not the case with her and men, though. For a while I tried to bring home the ugliest guy I could to see if I could find someone she'd refuse to fuck or suck. Never happened, though. She did an old dude with four teeth in his whole head and every race and body type. Like most sluts she loves black men and I love to see her suck a big black cock. I'm sorry if it's a stereotype but I've watched her do lots of black men and they do usually have large cocks. One of our most exciting nights involved a pair of minor league athletes. We stayed in the hotel where the team was put up and I dressed Talia in a tight little red mini, black stay up hose and no bra or panties. High heels, of course. I walked her down to the bar and gave her a roll of money to buy drinks. With her heavy make-up she didn't even get carded and with the way she was spreading her legs on the bar stool she got the ball players' attention pretty fast. I watched from a corner table as two big black athletes started flirting with her. Soon they each had a hand under her skirt and then she was leading them out of the bar. I ran up the stairs to our room and hid in the big closet. Just in time, as my drunken wife came reeling in with the two guys about a minute later. She knew to keep the action in front of the closet so I could see every inch of the big black cocks going down her throat. These guys were used to groupie sluts, though, and they weren't going to let her off with just a blow job. The one lay on the bed and pulled her on top of him. My sweet wife got him to move around so her ass and the action would be pointed right my way. What a doll! He sticks his huge cock up her pussy and I could see it was hard for her to take it all. He had to grab onto her ass and pump himself slowly deeper and deeper until he was all the way in.

"Then his friend got behind my wife and started loosening up her asshole. I was thinking he'd never get in without lube, but my slut wife was so hot her ass opened right up. Seeing that cock slide in her ass while her pussy was steadily pumped by another black cock was the hottest moment of my life. I'll bet the maid really wondered how all that cum got on the inside of the closet door!

"Our most recent adventure involved two construction workers. They put up a scaffold outside our apartment building to paint it. The scaffold went right past our bedroom window! Well, Talia looked at me and I looked at her and she just pointed to the closet. Hey, I was there sitting on her shoes with my hard on in hand











peeking through the door slats without another word. When she saw the men come on the scaffold she came into the bedroom in her underwear like she'd just had a bath. She was drying her hair and changing clothes like she didn't see the two guys staring gape-jawed through the window. The twist we didn't expect was these two guys jumped over onto our balcony and came right in the bedroom! Talia asked them if they wanted a fuck or a suck. That surprised them. They both went for blow jobs and Talia again made sure I could see it all as she took care of these two big working men. This time I had to clean the cum off the closet door myself! I hope other readers will write to Roy about their slut wives. We love to see this kind of stuff in the magazine."■









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Leanna









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Amateur photographer, generous WM, 44, seeks lovely legs and feet from surrounding N.W. IN/Ill areas to photo/video in person. All limits and requests respected, all replies answered. D.C., P.O. Box M-640, Gary, IN 46401-0640.

Wanted: hardcore videos that contain scenes of women wearing nylons and garters, while having sex. These are for my private viewing only, and your privacy will be protected. All scenes welcome, such as straight sex, voyeurism, taboo situations, older women/younger men. Amateur or commercial films from 1940 to today wanted. Trade or buy. Ed, P.O. Box 142, Englewood, NJ 07631.

Attractive, passable, sexy, shy, developing blonde TV w/great legs seeking understanding attractive woman or couple for a permanent live-in/lover relationship. Open-minded, caring, passionate, and friendly. Love sexy clothes, makeup, full feminine lifestyle. "Gifted" and experienced. Serious replies w/your photo only, will return same. No penpals. B.A., 14 Gloria St., Apt. R, Cahokia, IL 62206.

WM, 53, 5'7", 150 lbs., seeks dark-haired, Reubenesque woman, size 14+, age 40+, race unimportant, who truly enjoys receiving oral attention (no reciprocation required). Love licking ample thighs and sucking a really hairy (dark) pussy at great length. Very clean and discreet, expect same. Boxholder, P.O. Box 224812, Dallas, TX 75222-4812.

Black women—MBM desires to suck your toes until you scream. 18-up, weight, looks unimportant. Loves to eat pussy and ass too. Feet must smell. Picture of feet instant response. Clean, drug-free, no commitment. Hurry—love to lick. Boxholder, P.O. Box 1254, New York, NY 10018-0726

Beth: Enjoyed your photos in April '97 Home Photos. Very exciting. Would like to see more. Please write. Phil, P.O. Box 546, Johnstown, PA 15907.

SWM, 41, 6'2", 220 lbs. Seeking LEG SHOW ladies who enjoy mini-skirts, hi-heels, revealing wear, for safe fun. Possible lasting relationship desired. Call or write: Tom Hedgespeth, 2949 Hwy. 16 N, Denver, NC 28037. (704) 483-6903.

SWM, 35, college educated, physically fit, with an intense stocking and high heel fetish, looking for a hot lady who likes to show off in sheer stockings and high heel pumps. Looking primarily for safe leg sex and photographic/video opportunities. John, 11711 Braesview Rd., Apt. 1708, San Antonio, TX 78213.

SWM is searching for a pretty Mistress. Must love to wear pantyhose. Married or single. Discretion a must. Letter and photo if possible, to: P.O. Box 61, Garfield, NJ 07026-0611.

MWC into photo exchange of wives or single women totally naked. Want to see naked photos from neck (or head) to toes (front & rear). Will exchange with our photos of my naked wife (36B-25-34). Mail fantasies and photo to (will send same), J.Y., P.O. Box 556, Geneva, OH 44041-0556.

Amateur photographer looking for females, all ages (18+), to pose in high heels and sexy outfits. Also looking for people to trade photos & videos with. Write to: Mitch, P.O. Box 90034, Lafayette, LA 70509-0034.

Girdle enthusiast. DWM, Mid-40's, wishes to trade photos and videos of these hard-to-find items. Any age or race welcome. Women only please. Write with sample to: J.A., P.O. Box 1091, Waldorf, MD 20604-1091.

MWM, Dominant yet compassionate, ISO women, couples for discreet, mutually satisfying encounters. May consider select males, TVs. Enjoy high heels, pantyhose, lingerie, etc… Photography, toys, bondage. Also want to trade photos, videos, intimate items. Send your desires, fantasies to: LDM, P.O. Box 345, Lincoln Park, NJ 07035.

Ray from Monmouth, New Jersey. I relocated from Coatesville. I still want to see you. Please write and send a reachable phone number. Will give you my new phone number soon. Chuck King, Town West Apartment, #W6, 3 Gable Ave., Downingtown, PA 19335.

Chicago area white male, 55, that loves sheer nylons with garters, wants to meet white, black and Hispanic females that like to wear them. Please tease me and show me your nylon tops and garters. I also want phone calls and photos from females. Call Bill at (630) 941-1943 or write to: Bill Bateman, 0S610 Old York Rd., Elmhurst, IL 60126.

MWM, 34, tall, very well-built, handsome. Seeking women 18-40 w/pretty sexy bare feet. I love kissing, licking, sucking bare feet and toes for hours. In return I give professional full-body massages. You must be clean, discreet, and live in Chicago area. Send letter, photo (if poss.) to Ted: 10327 S. Central, Oak Lawn IL 60453, Box 635.

26 WM seeks "Miss Perfect" who is athletic, likes wearing garterbelts/stockings, pantyhoses, is open-minded, likes to have feet rubbed and sucked, willing to try anything once. Send letter, photo, panties (well-worn) and SASE, Baltimore Metro Area, to J.S., P.O. Box 45, Manchester, MD 21102.

Redheads, where are you? I love sexy redheads and women with freckles. Guys, I'd love to see your woman's bright red bush. Will trade or buy. WST, P.O. Box 91, Long Green, MD 21092.

Attention exhibitionists: Male voyeur wants to receive tease videos of mature wives, pregnant wives, missionary sex, older women/younger men & kinky sex. Special interest in situations resulting in pregnancy. Tapes are for private use only and can be sent anonymously. Correspondence also welcome. G., P.O. Box 370161, El Paso, TX 79937-0161.

SWM, 46, would love to meet SWF, who has sexy legs and loves to wear high heels, who loves to have her legs worshipped and her high heels kissed. I love legs and high heels. Write to Joe D., 140 Mt. Kemble Ave., Morristown, NJ 07960. (201) 539-0151.

DIAN HANSON'S LEGS! Are you obsessed with them? Join a club that pays homage to her beauty with masturbation. Send SASE to: DMS, 25935 Detroit Road, #221, Cleveland, OH 44145.

MWC wishes to correspond and trade LEG SHOW type photos with like couples. All types of up-the-skirt with p-hose, stockings, etc. All colors, secretary style. Videos of silky fun. No $$$, just fun. May accept phone calls after 1st contact. Write to \T.L.G., P.O. Box 30551, Phoenix, AZ 85048-0551.

Fit MW, Southern Gent, seeks fun, fantasy correspondence with LEG SHOW ladies into teasing and tempting me with spicy tales/photos of your pantyhose and panties! Must see more of BB, Long Island, V.H., New York—Feb.; DW, Chicago, Suzy MN—March; Patti Ann—April!!! RR, P.O. Box 8666, Lexington, KY 40533-8666.

Models wanted. Amateur photographer seeking females for erotic modeling. I'm into high heels, short skirts, nylons, etc. I prefer inexperienced, but professional models are very welcome. Age, race, no problem. Write to Kevin's Photography, P.O. Box 37232, Milwaukee, WI 53237-232, or call 414-640-9053.

SWM, 41, 6'2", 220 lbs., seeking LEG SHOW ladies who enjoy mini skirts, short shorts, hi heels, revealing wear for safe fun! Possible lasting relationship desired. Call or write; Tom Hedgespeth, 2949 Hwy 16 N., Denver, NC 28037. 704-483-6903.

Ladies, put me under your spell as I kiss and suck your toes and titties and I become totally yours as my tongue fucks your ass. Command me to drink the juices from your pussy. You deserve to be worshipped. You are woman. Postal adventures welcomed. T.M., P.O. Box 425, Dobbin, TX 77333.

Very marriage-minded, loyal, and affectionate male of Euro-Afro-American stock, seeking like-minded woman, any race, plain to pretty, with massively thick legs, ankles, and feet with high arches. Must love to have these parts of you fully lubricated in sexual and oral love, and smothered in affection, daily. No kids please. Hubert E. Alston, 546 Fatherland St., Nashville, TN 37208.

DWM, 46, looking for slim female in 100 mile radius, 18-50, into controlling and teasing a male. Who will tell him how/when to masturbate for release if permitted, and who enjoys body/leg worship. Will cross-dress, lick up own or anybody's release. Please, no pen-pals; meeting desired. Hank, P.O. Box 1103, Melrose Park, IL 60160.

SBM, 33, Enjoyed the nice pix of Jun. '97's H.P. Cindy, Mike's Lady, Monica (Feb. '97), Christele (Jan. '97); would like to exchange photos. Also, would like to hear from hot, sensual couples and ladies. D. Robertson, P.O. Box 3083, Universal City, TX 78148.

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Passionate healthcare professional SWM, 36, physically fit, 5'10 ½" and 200 lbs. Obsessed with giving oral. Complete foot, pussy and ass worship. Love it hot and ripe. Long-term relationship sought. Serious. Honest. D/D free. Very open-minded. Tony P., P.O. Box 55, Kings Park, NY 11754.

Pantyhose lover with huge collection seeking others for video/photo/pantyhose exchange. Loves males and females in pantyhose. Also seeking photo/video exchange of G.S. Chris Thompson, P.O. Box 22309, Akron, OH 44302.

Wanted: Photos (B&W or color) of girls in their underwear, bikinis or nude. Wet Frig Juice 'zine and A.J. productions is accepting photos for the 1997 Wet Frig Juice Girl of the Year contest. All contributions will be published and judged. A.J. Productions, P.O. Box 34000, San Antonio, TX 78265-4000.

MWM, late forties, in shape, is seeking exhibitionist women and couples who love showing their assets to strangers. Interested in meeting in LA area or photo exchange. All replies with photo get same-day exchange. Boxholder, P.O. Box 6022-440, Lakewood, CA 90714.

"LOVES PLUMP, HAIRY WOMEN!" "Do you want black dick?" SBM, 36, loves single, clean, Hispanic, white women (19-41), plump, shapely, with hairy, wet, dick-grippin' pussy and asshole, hot legs and black stockings! "Tit-size don't matter!" Welcum photos, worn pungent panties! Bill Needham Jr., 1806 Corby St., Omaha, NE 68110-2138.

WM in search of "authentic," hardcore masturbation videos from dominant female amateurs, professionals or dominatrixes (fan clubs OK), who will urge/train me to masturbate for them through direct verbal instructions with lots of leg/foot teasing! Write with your terms. Jim M., P.O. Box 6124, Whittier, CA 90609.

Foot-loving, submissive, sincere, my name is Alexander. I like to suck your feet until they drop. I live in São Paulo (Brazil) and want take letters with relates of the experiences, fetishes and fantasies. Maybe can will us to meet. I would appreciate a return message. My address: Caixa Postal 11085-0, Agência Pinheiros, São Paulo, Brazil, CEP 07600-000.

MWC seeks same or bi-females in our area for photo/video sessions and exchange. She's 5'3", 40D, very bi and into heels, nylons, flashing, etc. He's 6'1", 125 lbs. and straight. Enjoy fantasy fulfillment, but no pain or raunchy kink. Discreet and non-pushy. J&R, P.O. Box 548, Murray Hill Station, New York, NY 10156.

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I'm young and sweet to eat! Cum taste my well-worn silky panties ($10) up skirt; foot/sole photos (2/$5); "specialty photos" (golden, masturbation) (3/$10). (Cash or m.o.) See me pee through my panties and on my fingers as I masturbate! Michelle, P.O. Box 42063, Cleveland, OH 44142-0063.

M.M. PRODUCTIONS: Sole Patrol—the ultimate "candid foot" videos. 60-minute videos; $40. "Lots of great shots" says In Step magazine. The Amelia Series—real footjob (yes, FOOTJOB) and foot tease videos originally made as customs. Devastating! Catalog, $5; Video Sampler, $20. 2261 Market Street, #131, San Francisco, CA 94114.

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FEMALE SUPREMACY is the next stage in human social evolution. Most men are immature, and it is time for morally superior women to take charge. Join the movement! Send $10 (cash or money order) for our big Superiority of Women packet. Xian Home, Box 37-8498, Chicago, IL 60637.

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My name is Sandi. I love showing off my hot sexy body in garterbelts, stockings, heels, boots, pantyhose, lingerie, nudes, "crush" photos, etc. I have hot photo sets, videos and personal clothing available. Send SASE and $5.00 for exciting color photos and letter. Everyone answered same day; you won't be disappointed! Sandi B., 3000 East Colfax Ave., #104, Denver, CO 80206.

Hi, I'm Cheri. My husband is gone all the time, and I love to get nasty on the phone. Call me at 1-702-385-7588. You can be my nasty little secret. Are you lonely like I am? If you call me, I'll return your call collect. Call Lisa at 1-702-369-4475. I love to get nasty!

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Hi! My name is Brittney! I'm a 23-year-old college girl with long blonde hair and blue eyes, sexy petite figure (36-23-32). Would love to send you pictures, videos, panties, etc. to get you off! Send $20 for 3 photos and info sheet to: P.O. Box 1772, Muskegon, MI 49443.

◆

LIFESTYLES

continued from page 77

LEG SHOW: So your mother wasn't necessarily of the girdle-wearing generation.
JOSEPHINE: (Laughs) God, no. My mother probably didn't even wear underwear half the time.
LEG SHOW: Was she a hippie?
JOSEPHINE: No, but her mother didn't wear girdles. In fact, I remember having a conversation with my grandmother about HER mother, who I don't think wore girdles. In my family on my mother's side, the female thing is more natural, so [my interest in girdles] is probably a reaction to this. I've always been attracted to the unnatural, the prosthetic. That's another thing I enjoy about girdles: their orthopedic nature. I find that kind of kinky. Something kind of fake about them, like a prosthetic device...
LEG SHOW: Well, tell us about memorable scenes with the Girdle Man.
JOSEPHINE: We went to Japan together, and it was simply fabulous. We went to a really outrageous S&M party there. At one point he hoisted me up on his shoulders, and there was a mistress commanding him to stand like a crane on one foot while he had me on his shoulders. A Japanese mistress, that is, trying to instruct him in Japanese, which of course neither of us understood. The funny thing is that the Girdle Man didn't understand what she was saying, but I knew perfectly well by her gestures what she was trying to communicate. (Laughs) It was funny that he didn't get it, but I did.
LEG SHOW: Is there an unspoken language between mistresses?
JOSEPHINE: Yes, I would say yes! Very well-put. The unspoken language of domination is universal! (Laughs) Conveyed through every movement, every nuance.
LEG SHOW: I understand the Girdle Man has given you a number of girdles?
JOSEPHINE: Probably about a dozen at this point. Usually every time he comes to visit, he'll give me a piece or two...we've played so much that it's difficult to pinpoint one of our scenes together...he likes spanking, and he likes medical stuff. Sometimes I'm head nurse Josephine, and I have to do probing and prodding and examinations of his nether regions (laughs)...sometimes he'll wear a girdle too. I believe in the shoot there are some photos of him in his favorite girdle...he's rather a big boy, so I think it's difficult for him to find them in his size. (Laughs)
LEG SHOW: Do you use girdles with any of your other clients?
JOSEPHINE: Oh yeah. But I would say that the Girdle Man is probably my only real girdle fetishist. I have some other people who enjoy them, but I don't know that they're as fixated on it. I don't get a lot of call for it...generally, most submissives are into the traditional leather and latex stuff.
LEG SHOW: Do you ever humiliate anybody in a girdle?
JOSEPHINE: Sure! Sometimes what's really nice is if my ass is covered by a girdle and they want to worship it and I tease them with it. They'll be able to see everything, and when I pull it up just a little bit it's so squeezed, the restrictive nature of the girdle is really sexy. Everything just wants to burst out! (Laughs)
LEG SHOW: Do you ever have Girdle Man rub up on a girdle and cum that way?
JOSEPHINE: Oh yeah, he does that all the time.
LEG SHOW: He makes a mess all over the girdles?
JOSEPHINE: (Mock schoolmistressy tone) Well, the submissive is always required to wear a condom; after all, this is the Nineties!
LEG SHOW: Oh right, in my hunger for the evocative detail, I almost forgot.
JOSEPHINE: We must be careful. And besides, it wouldn't be right for a mistress to allow a submissive to "jiz" all over her precious garment!
LEG SHOW: True. But has that ever happened, and you had to punish somebody?
JOSEPHINE: I did have somebody cum on one of my girdles once, a long one. I was spanking him over my lap, and I didn't realize that sometimes with the rubbing, the [condom] will come off. He was in heaven, rubbing against this girdle, and he just couldn't control himself, the dirty boy. (Laughs)
LEG SHOW: And what happened after that?
JOSEPHINE: He was forced to apologize, and I made him lick it off! (Happy, carefree laughter)
LEG SHOW: What's the most humiliating thing you've had Girdle Man do?
JOSEPHINE: Oh boy, you really want to talk about humiliation, don't you? (Laughs) Well, I don't actually humiliate him too much, but let me think...he likes electrical play, and sometimes we must put certain electrical implements in certain areas of the body, and torture him until he agrees to do certain things. And [although] he's not that into drinking piss, I made him drink some.
LEG SHOW: Golden showers are your personal turn-on?
JOSEPHINE: Yeah, I do really like it. And actually he likes it too, but he doesn't generally drink it. He just likes to get peed on...but he, uh, (laughs), he was forced to drink some!
LEG SHOW: How did you force him?
JOSEPHINE: I teased him, told him I wasn't gonna let him see my—let him see my, uh,—well, my PUSSY, okay? (Laughs) I wasn't going to let him see it unless there was piss coming out of it, and it was going in his mouth! Mm-hmm.
LEG SHOW: He was on the spot, then.
JOSEPHINE: Yes, because he wanted to see [my pussy].
LEG SHOW: Well, before we close, Mistress Josephine, what do you want to tell our readers about your dungeon?
JOSEPHINE: I have a fabulous new location. I'm equipped for full suspension, I'm going to have a little schoolroom-dungeon for naughty schoolgirls and boys; a little parlor; and another dungeon room upstairs. I'm going not for the traditional dungeon setting, but more for a kind of retro/cartoon style playspace, if that makes any sense to you.
LEG SHOW: Like Peewee's Playhouse?
JOSEPHINE: No, more elegant than that. I'm not really going for the Gothic thing, I'm going for something more personal, more interesting to me. I enjoy traditional dungeon spaces, but I wanted to do something that was more in my aesthetic.
The best times to reach me are between 11 a.m. and 1 p.m., Monday through Friday, Pacific Time of course. My voice mail is 415-273-5548.
LEG SHOW: Any last things you want to mention that I didn't ask about?
JOSEPHINE: Oh, remember I was talking about being real physical? Well, one of the things I really like to do is wrestling. I've been doing it for about two years, and I'm really skilled and REALLY strong. And I would love to do a girdle-wrestling-domination scene with somebody; so maybe one of your readers will respond in kind! (Laughs) I have a killer scissor-hold...

▼

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Author's bio: Veteran LEG SHOW contributor Neil Wexler, born in 1951, still recalls fondly a date in the late 60s with a horny brunette who was wearing a longline girdle underneath her slacks as they "necked" and "petted" in a parking lot at Chicago's O'Hare Airport.

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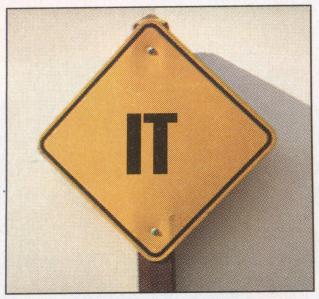
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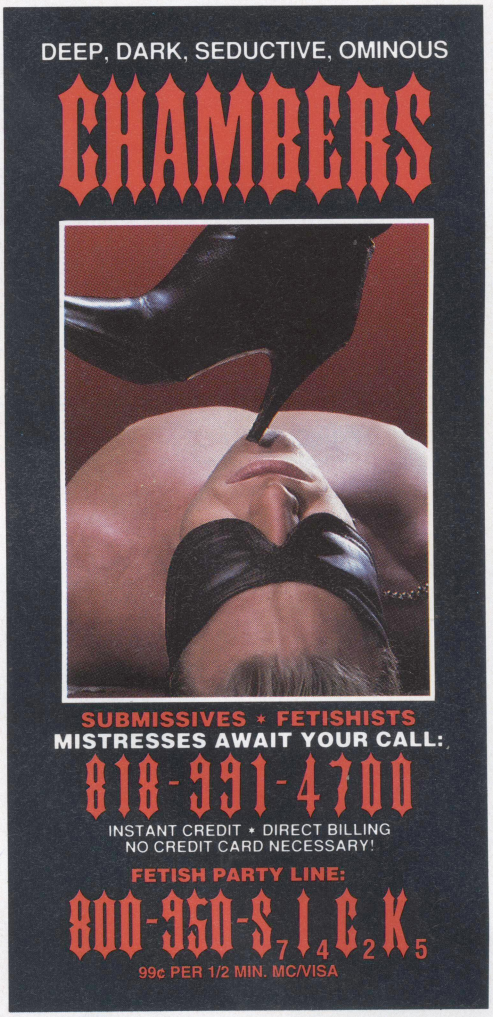






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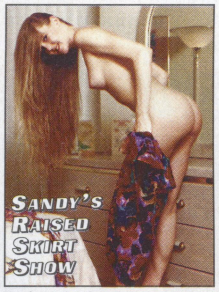
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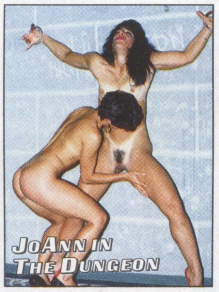
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Now for the long legged charmer without a stich under a series of mini dresses and skirts. As Sandy dances and teases her way into your libido, some expert photography exposes her considerable charms. Sometimes we get just a peek, and sometimes up close and personal. Polishing her toenails we're teased to distraction as those creamy legs open and close, exposing and concealing her sweet spot!
Video: S123 63min. $34.00



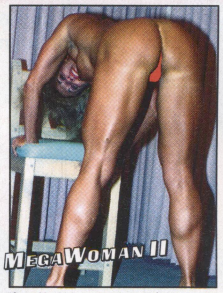
JoAnn is back—this time in kinky fashion! We didn't let on before, but JoAnn prefers a little pain along with her pleasure. And who better to dole out both than the super athletic Synthia, who couldn't wait to get her hands on Jo's gorgeous All-American body. This two-girl classic includes good old fashioned over-the-knee spanking, naked body worship, and JoAnn's sexy moans add to this great video!
Video: C28 49min. $50.00
Photos: CP28 50pix $38.00



Jade enters in a skin tight cut out dress, and almost instantly has Jordan mesmerized with her erotic dance movements. There is little subtlety here, not when Jade's jewels are right in your face! She makes sure that Jordan takes in the full appeal of her perfect breasts, 19 inch waist, tight flaring buttocks, and above all, her mind blowing pussy—which has the voluptuous beauty licking her lips!
Video: C68 50min. $45.00
Photos: CP68 45pix $35.00



Christine is 21 years old, fresh and natural, with tremendous sex appeal. It's the first time she has ever done this in front of a camera, yet she's well aware of her potent physical charms and their affect on men. Striptease, hot close-ups, and sexy barefoot action are included. Go one-on one with this collegiate dream-girl and you're in for quite an evening!
Video: C49 50min. $40.00
Photos: CP49 40pix $30.00



If you liked Megawoman, wait 'til you see her most potent rival in action! Cindy is a 5'8"-155lb. blond super babe with immensely powerful feet and legs, and just about the finest chest that a woman can ever develop. She bares it all in this hot production, showing you sensuous exercises, sexy bed gyrations, and taking our 'magic hands' in her most intimate spots!
Video: C38 52min. $50.00
Photos: CP38 35pix $28.00



Ever run across an ultra sexy girl in a bar who you just know is hot? Well, that's Kelsey pegged to a tee. She reveals it all on camera. Once you see what she's got, and the creative things she does to satisfy her itch, you just might dive through your T.V. set! She'll show you exactly where to scratch and sniff. Kelsey is a female in heat—for real!!
Video: C52 46min. $40.00
Photos: CP52 30pix $25.00



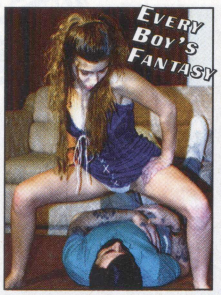
The masseur notices Becky has forgotten to wear panties. Highly distracted, he forgets how to do his job, so she "shows him how." It begins with a body rubdown using hands, tongue, and feet, and quickly moves from there to anything, and everything imaginable! Erotic face sitting is one of her many specialties, and brother, can she ever do a guys face. It's the Hottest!
Video: C61 60min. $45.00
Photos: CP61 40pix $30.00



There's something about a well-bred English girl in the prime of young womanhood that appeals to us beyond words. Her full, pouting mouth is moist and ready. Her emotions are totally unmasked—all so natural and real. Brandy's whole naked body is alive with vibrant sensuality. Blimey, she's hot!
Video: C29 56min. $50.00
Photos: CP29 40pix $30.00



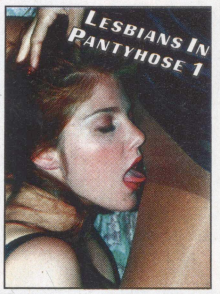
This redhead is on fire! She's going to talk you and flaunt you into a state of delirium, while simultaneously driving herself to shivering convulsions. Bonnie indeed got her sexual appetite fulfilled, and yours will be too when you watch this beautiful Montana girl in action. She'll give you the most wild turn on you've ever had!
Video: C65 60min. $45.00
Photos: CP65 35pix $28.00



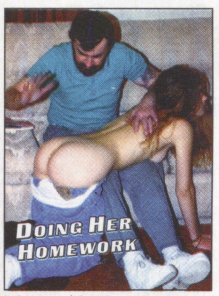
The most endearing face perhaps we've ever looked at. A playful princess who loves to have all kinds of fun. Kellie is all this and much, much more. Dancing in a sexy evening gown, the long haired brunette peels down to her birthday suit. When little Kellie really opens up, what you see will fire your fantasies beyond description!
Video: C72 40min. $35.00
Photos: CP72 40pix $30.00



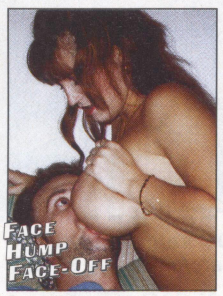
A pantyhose salesman thinks he may have an easy sale, but it's hard to the very end! His sales pitch gets cut short by a voluptuous, aggressive and horny customer who tries on several pairs of hose and treats him to several provocative poses. When he won't cut her a deal she cuts off his air—with her naked ass! What follows is relentless ass/face pounding & grinding, tit-smothering, and more... followed by an intense blow job!
Video: BU6 43min. $49.95



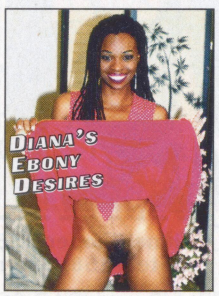
This has got to be the hottest girl-girl pantyhose tape on the market! 19 year old Kaitlyn dominates 25 year old Ilsa. She smears bright red lipstick all over her shiny suntan crotch. With deep open mouth kisses and simulated fucking they masturbate each other to a shuddering climax through shimmery suntan colored pantyhose! Very nasty!
Video: LQ-LP1 40min. $39.95



Kelly just can't keep her mind on her studies. Off come her jeans and sweatshirt—finally bare assed naked, she gets down to brass tacks, only to be interrupted by the arrival of sugar daddy Alex. Discovering the mag, he paddles her over his knee, but soon is overtaken by his own desire to watch her "do it," even lending a "helping hand."
Video: C77 58min. $45.00
Photos: CP77 45pix $35.00



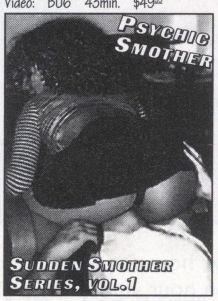
They attack him, wrestle him down and tie him up. Why? To make him watch there own totally naked girl/girl match complete with biting, scratching and smothering. You will see close-ups so incredible you can almost smell the girls! The tied-up nerd actually does, and he can't control himself. How does all the madness end? Does he get his? The girls certainly get theirs! Tune into this erotic wrestling-fest to find out...
Video: BU8 38min. $49.95



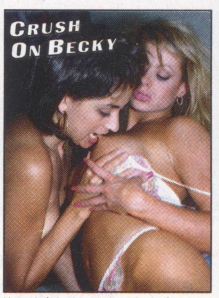
Diana is just a living doll. She dresses conservatively as a secretary and types a letter, then slowly strips nude to do men's magazine poses. Diana spreads extremely wide to reveal her clitoris. Excellent lighting reveals all! In a red dress as she dances to full nude. Later, Diana gets busy and masturbates. Unbelievable! Just wait 'til she gets in the shower!
Video: S170 61min. $35.00



Overcome with desire, the lady moves to seduce her sexy maid, consuming her swollen nipples and savoring the far more appetizing juice trickling from between her lush thighs. The stockinged females adjourn to the master bedroom. Anna's lips are pulled wide open as her maid's long tongue drills in and out. You can see and hear her excitement building to a spine tingling, quivering conclusion.
Video: C75 60min. $50.00
Photos: CP75 45pix $35.00



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Video: SKY1 32min. $40.00



Natasha's had a crush on Becky for quite some time, fortunately, Becky finds her perky, dark-haired friend attractive too, and it doesn't take long for the two to be locking limbs in Becky's bedroom. The "rear" action given to Natasha is, in particular, quite mind blowing, as her groan of ecstasy will attest. But you can be sure that she gets in her licks on Becky as well!
Video: C62 56min. $45.00
Photos: CP62 40pix $30.00

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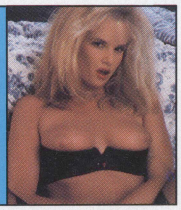
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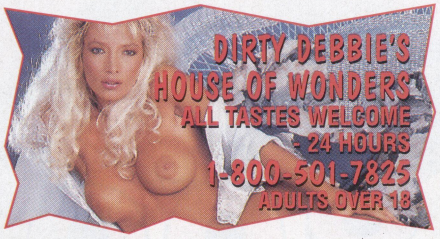
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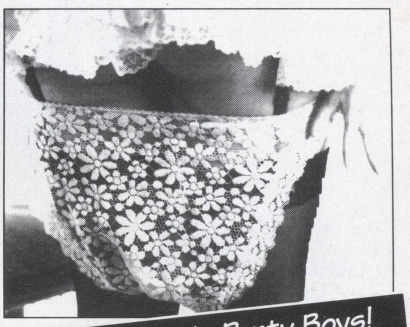
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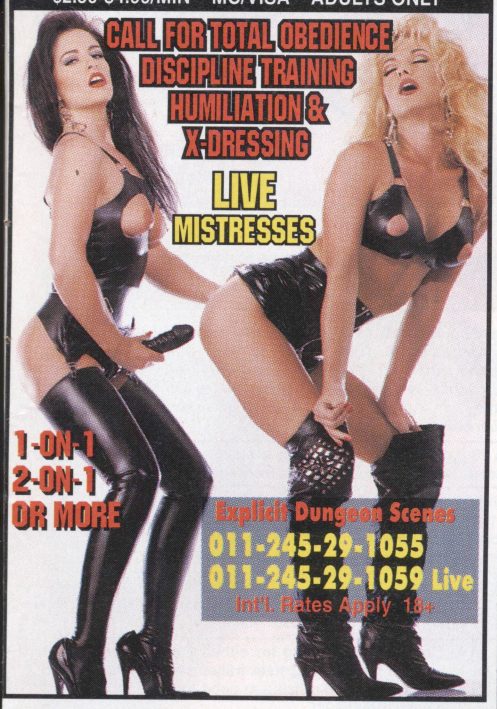
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Hi, my name is Rhondalynn. I'm a 26 year old female, predominantly aggressive and I'm black. I'm 5'3, 110 lbs. I am looking for a guy who loves to have phone sex. Please leave a message in my mailbox. Box #3072

Hi, my name is Misty. I'm 21 years old and love to have a good time. I like it when things get really kinky and I don't mind trying out new things. I'm very experienced and don't mind teaching the inexperienced. If you want to have a good time then call me. Box #3159

Hi, this is Dawn. Are you ready to cum, prove it to me, let me make you explode. I'm a hot, wet, beautiful, horny, love slut. My sweet little pink pussy can't seem to get enough. I can masturbate with you or I can get you off too. So get in touch with a little bit of heaven, let me be your sex angel. Box #0484

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Hi. My name is Laura. I'm looking for a single white male who's into phone sex, possibly more. If your interested please leave your name and #. I'll call you back. Box #1611

I am a 20 year old, white female. I'm 5'7". I have big green eyes, long curly brown hair that goes to my waist. I have size 36C breasts and a very small waist. I have an athletic body. My nipples get hard very easily when touched. I enjoy a man touching me all over my body, kissing me and nibbling me. It turns me on. I like sex a lot and like to have it many times a day. Box #2401

Hi, I'm waiting to hear from you. I'm into anything that's hot, kinky and wet. I need a master. I'm very submissive and I'm very naughty. Will you put me in my place? If so, leave me your number and I will get back to you. If you don't think your master enough and you have a friend give me a call and we can get hot together. Box #2482

I'm so horny, my pussy's so wet. My tits are just dying to be sucked on. So, if you're ready leave a message in my box and let me hear what you'll do to me. Box #2779

Hi, I'm Sasha and I have an invitation for you. I'll give you a hint. It has something to do with my 36DD breasts, 24" waist, and 36" hips. Now you take a guess, when you think you know the answer, call me. Box #2878

Hi, my name is Lisa and I am sexy. I have big tits and a big boom- boom. I would like to get real with you if you know what I mean. Do you have a big snake? Box #2997

My name is Kathleen. I'm a redhead with green eyes. I've been married for 10 years. I'm extremely frustrated sexually. I love my husband, however, there's nothing happening in the bedroom. I would really love a good licking of pussy. I am attractive and a real redhead. Call me and turn me on, I can play with myself just as well as you can. Box #3237

Hi, my name is Kate. I'm a petite, blonde, 22 year old. The nights are so cold and I'd love to find someone to get hot with between the sheets. I just can't get enough. If you want to share some wild and wet times with a horny coed, just call me and I'll be waiting for you. Box #4315

Hi, I'm Samantha. I'm a 25 year old kinky little cunt. If you get off on really nasty, hot, perverted, hard-core talk and sex, I'm the one you want to talk to. I'm looking for a real funky freak. If you think you fit the bill and want to give it a shot, keep your cock in your hand and give me a call. I'm waiting. Box #2928

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Hi, my name is Nicolette. I am 5'8" tall, with beautiful brunette hair, green eyes and 36 double D chest. I love to have my nipples played with, it gets me so horny. I love to get a man real hard and then wrap my luscious lips around him and take him down my throat. I want to do you in every imaginable position. Call me. Box #3524

This is Ericka. I'm a 22 year old Masseuse. I love to rub my hand up and down older menís bodies, I also like to show my beautiful body off. Especially my beautiful 38DD breasts. My pussy gets so wet sometimes and I'd love to have you come and sample some of my honey dew. Box #3670

Hi, this is Tanya. I'm am 24, blond hair, green eyes, 125 lbs. I'm very athletic and very open-minded. I'm in a relationship right now, but I have a lot of free time and I'd love to get together or even just on the phone have hot fantasy talk with some hot guys. Please be discreet. Box #4869

My name is Crystal. I've been looking for a man. My bra size is 42D. I weigh about 120 lbs, 5'3 and I'm really looking forward to meeting somebody just right for me. Give me a call. Box #8022

This is Fantasia. I'm about 6 foot, 160 lbs., I have a dark, chocolate complexion and green eyes. I'm very athletic. I'm a big breasted woman, a 44DD. I like to have fun and I'm very dominant. I'm looking for a submissive male that knows how to submit. Give me a call . Bye. Box #3806

Give me a call. I'm young and hot and horny. I want you to leave me a dirty message, give me something I can really get off with. Make me cum. Box #4211

Hi baby, my name is Rebecca. I'm 5'8", 128 lbs and have long, straight, blond hair. I'm a real horny girl looking for a guy who can enjoy my smooth, shaven pussy. My sensuous body craves a nice hard-bodied man. So if your into having a hot, wet time give me a call. Box #4532

Hi, I'm Paige. I'm a single, white, professional female and I'm looking for some guys to play. If you're interested in some real good times, no strings attached, hedonistic pleasure, leave me a voice mail. Box #4576

Hi, my name is Diane, I'm 25 years old. I've got blond hair, green eyes, long legs that love to wrap around things. I'm looking for a relationship more over the phone, if you know what I mean, to help get through those hot lusty wet nights. Box #4777

Hello there. This sexy white female with a good body and a great behind is looking for a tall dark, well built, extremely well hung man for entertainment. You need to be a little on the aggressive side, enjoy videos and be open minded. I'm very open minded and I'm alot of fun. Oh and you need to have great endurance, go for hours. Box #4414

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Wanted - by a very hot babe, men and women who love to party and have fun. I'm 28, 5'9, 150 lbs, red hair, blue eyes and stacked to please. I'm into everything except pain. If you have the mind and body to handle a challenge like me, then it's time for that personal interview with the woman of the year. Box #1808

I'm a 29 year old, black female, very bi curious, looking for a bi curious female or couple. Leave a message. Box #2452

Hi, my name is Gail. I am very attractive. I'm very horny and I like to talk on the phone. So if you would like to get off together over the phone, I would love to talk to you. So call my mailbox number. Box #2514

I'm the kind of girl that just wants to have fun. Call me Bambi. I have blond hair and blue eyes. I want to meet male or female. Please call me. Box #0459

Hi, this is Christy. I'm looking for either a man or a woman in Central Colorado to help transform me into the woman I want to be. I'm tall, I'm good looking and I'm very bi-sexual. Box #4985

Hi, my name is Tony. I'd like to be able to talk to other men and get off over the phone with them. I'm interested in older gentlemen. I'm kind of inexperienced but I'm interested in learning. I'll be discreet. Box #0867

Hi, hot and horny male is looking for women of any kind, any race, age or weight. The only thing is you must be submissive and enjoy it. Contact me in my box. Box #1653

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Are there any bi- women out there who would enjoy getting together with a younger, white couple to just experiment and have fun? My wife and I would like to meet a bi-female. We are Bobby and Amanda. Box #1623

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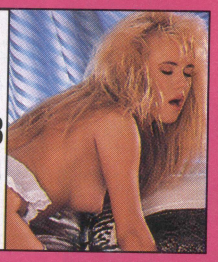
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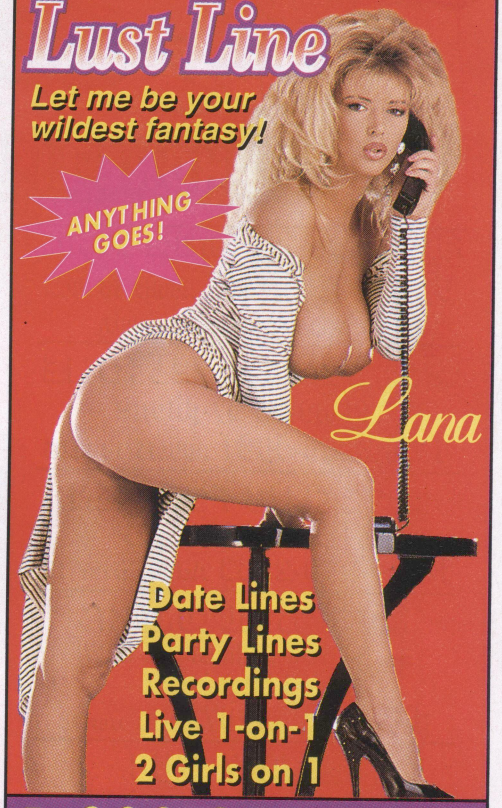


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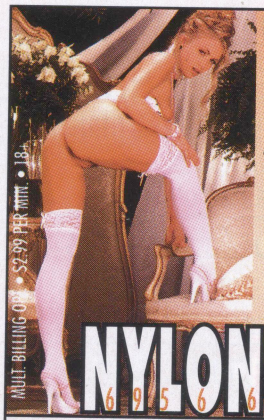
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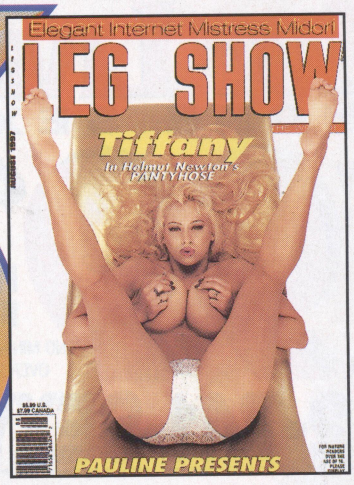
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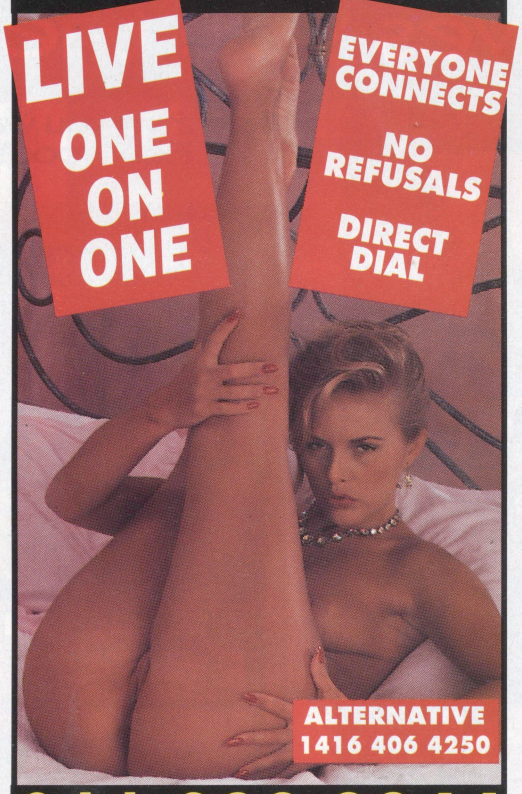


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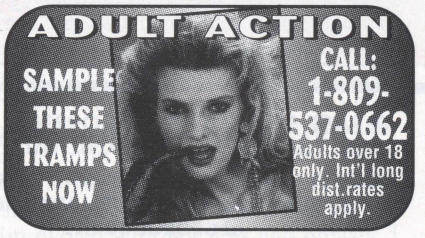




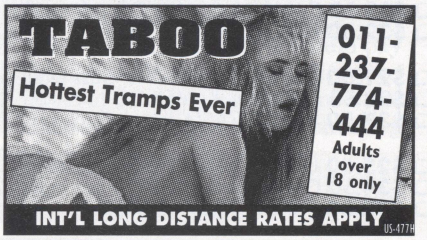












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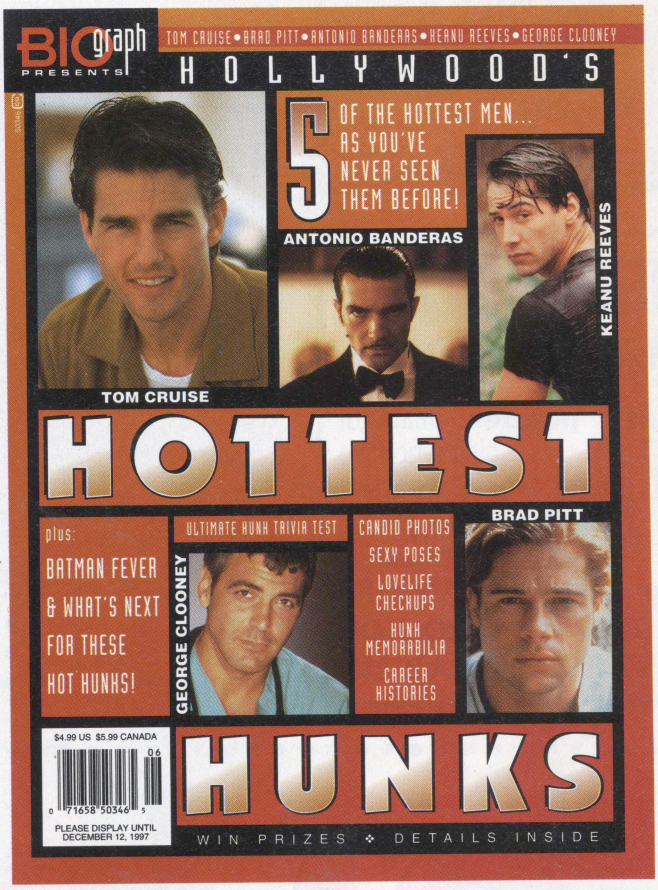
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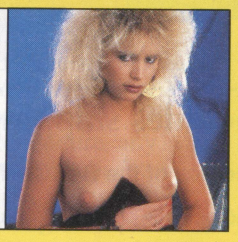
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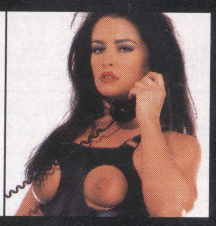
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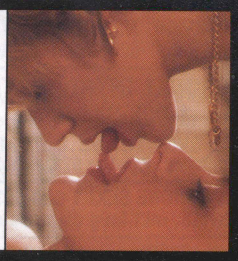
215-764-3618 Adults over 18.

HOT SEX DREAMS
1-809-537-0662
Adults 18/ over only. Int'l long distance rates apply.



312-578-6844 Adults over 18.

KINKY LEATHER BABES
011-237-700-004
Adults over 18 only. Int'l long distance rates apply.



913-661-9692 Adults over 18.

HOT & HORNY
011-592-561855
RIPE & RAW
011-592-565643
Adults over 18. Int'l long distance rates apply.



415-393-1680 Adults over 18.

LIVE 1 ON 1
24 HOURS ANY PHONE
011-237-737-118
1-809-537-0727
011-592-561851
Adults over 18 only.
Int'l long distance rates apply.

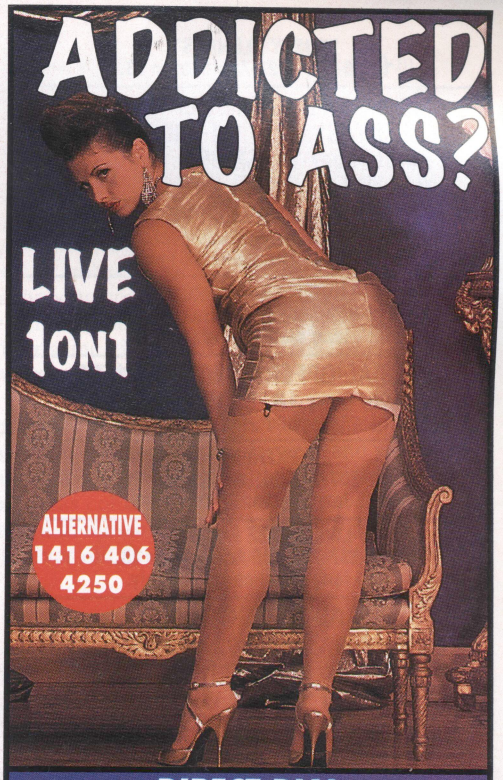


US-473P

SEX PHONE 215-764-3630 Adults over 18. HOT SEX 212-336-3017 Adults over 18.

ADDICTED TO ASS?

LIVE 1ON1



ALTERNATIVE
1416 406 4250

DIRECT DIAL
NO REFUSALS • NO BLOCKING
EVERY CALLER CONNECTS

011 683 ASSS

INTERNATIONAL LD RATES APPLY 2569

HOT LIVE PHONE SEX

Hot Horny Women Want To Talk To You...

LIVE 1 on 1

ONLY **99¢** PER MIN.

21+

212 741-1202
1-900-435-6544 FROM $2.50



AN ORGY OF TOE-SUCKING, FOOT-KISSING & COCK STROKING!

Foot Worship



1-888 LEG-ACTION
1-800-646-3944 00-592-584-268

$3.99 PER MIN. • 18+

DIRTY PRIVATE LIVE 1on1



DIRECT DIAL
NO CREDIT CARD NEEDED
ALL CALLERS CONNECT • NO REFUSALS

011 683 BABY

INTERNATIONAL LD RATES APPLY 2570

"BUSTY BLONDES"
1-800-238-6722 Adults over 18.

EXPERIENCE THE ULTIMATE
LIVE FANTASY 1 ON 1 1-900-344-5757
Adults over 18. $2.95 a minute.
Live All Night, P.O. Box 571, Hoboken, NJ 07030

TOTAL TITILLATION
1-809-563-9624 Adults over 18.
Int'l long distance rates apply.

LOVE TALK AND MORE
011-592-565643 Adults over 18.
Int'l long distance rates apply.

SPECIAL OFFER! 1-900-344-1500
Adults over 18. $3.45 a minute.
One To One, 6025 Stage Rd., #42-210, Bartlett, TN 38734

EXTREME
011-237-737-112 Adults over 18.
Int'l long distance rates apply.

LIVE PHONE FANTASY
011-237-738-888 Adults over 18.
Int'l long distance rates apply.

ADULT EROTICA
Lesbian Couples Need Men
For Ultimate PLEASURE
FANTASY!! 1-900-344-5050
Adults over 18. $1.95 a minute.
One To One, 6025 Stage Rd., #42-210, Bartlett, TN 38734

UNUSUAL URGES
011-592-565633 Adults over 18.
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FAST PHONE SEX!
1-800-230-1452 Adults over 18.

HAND PICKED FOR PLAY
011-237-737-113 Adults over 18.
Int'l long distance rates apply.

HOT STEAMY PERSONALS
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Adults over 18. $2.95 a minute.
One To One, 6025 Stage Rd., #42-210, Bartlett, TN 38734

1 ON 1 GET IT NOW! No Credit Cards
1-800-258-5237 Adults over 18.

INSTANT PHONE SEX!!
011-592-565622 Adults over 18.
Int'l long distance rates apply.

FARM GIRLS SO HOT WE'LL BURN YOUR EARS!
312-578-6834 Adults over 18.

EAGER ELAINE!
1-800-280-7482 Adults over 18.
Hot housewives do it all!

PALACE OF PLEASURE
1-809-563-9625 Adults over 18.
Int'l long distance rates apply.

ALWAYS HOT! ALWAYS PRIVATE!
1-900-344-5100
Adults over 18. $2.95 a minute.
One To One, 6025 Stage Rd., #42-210, Bartlett, TN 38734

"REAL SAMPLES"
Horny women want to turn you on!
1-800-871-1131 Adults over 18.

SEXY LIVE GIRLS 1 on 1 or Wild Party!
1-809-474-6430 Adults over 18.
Int'l long distance rates apply.

FOR THE BEST QUALITY & PRICE IN PHONE SEX
011-237-779-999 Adults over 18.
Int'l long distance rates apply.

HOT PANTY GIRLS WILL DO IT FOR YOU
1-900-344-6669
Adults over 18. $3.45 a minute.
One To One, 6025 Stage Rd., #42-210, Bartlett, TN 38734

INSTANT PHONE SEX CONTACTS! 24 Hours/All Points
1-800-488-0517 Adults over 18.

SEXY SARAH'S FABULOUS FEMMES
1-809-474-5005 Adults over 18.
Int'l long distance rates apply.

THE ULTIMATE PERSONALS LINE!
Pick Your Pleasure. Women Are Waiting.
1-900-344-7776
Adults over 18. $3.95 a minute.
One To One, 6025 Stage Rd., #42-210, Bartlett, TN 38734

SIZZLING PHONE SEX!
We're friendly, hot & so hard-up!
011-592-565632 Adults over 18.
Int'l long distance rates apply.

NEW YORK'S FINEST PHONE SEX
All Fantasies! All Fetishes!
212-479-6709 Adults over 18.

WARM, WILLING & HOT!
1-800-815-6670 or 1-800-748-4420 Adults over 18.

PERSONAL INTRODUCTIONS
1-900-344-6444
Adults over 18. $2.95 a minute.
Romance Unlimited, P.O. Box 571, Hoboken, NJ 07030

NASTY PHONE SEX! 1-809-563-0480
Adults over 18. Int'l long distance rates apply.

Friendly, Personal & Unhurried
1-800-955-8478 Adults over 18.

SEXY! SENSUOUS! HOT!
1-800-856-4001 Adults over 18.

SHOW ME!!
I'll do it! Tell me how you want it!
Call 1-900-344-5556
Adults over 18. $1.95 a minute.
One To One, 6025 Stage Rd., #42-210, Bartlett, TN 38734

DEB'S EXTRA STRENGTH PHONE SEX
Packs a wallop! 011-237-700-004 Adults over 18.
Int'l long distance rates apply.

MISTRESS ELENA KNOWS WHAT YOU NEED!
1-900-344-9339
Adults over 18. $2.95 a minute.
One To One, 6025 Stage Rd., #42-210, Bartlett, TN 38734

HOT FOXY GIRLS
215-764-3648 Adults over 18.

NAUGHTY NANCY'S LUSCIOUS LADIES
011-592-565634 Adults over 18.
Int'l long distance rates apply.

JUICY FANTASIES 1-900-344-3983
Adults over 18. $3.99 a minute.
Talknet, Box 512, 500 West Esplanade, Metairie. LA 70009

EXQUISITE BY PHONE
1-809-563-0543 Adults over 18.
Int'l long distance rates apply.

NAUGHTY NYMPHO!!
I need it bad, everyday! Everyway!
Can you give me what I need?!
Call 1-800-724-2280 Adults over 18.

SEXY ASIAN GAL WANTS YOU
Hot phone sex with Suzy! 011-592-565642
Adults over 18. Int'l long distance rates apply.

I'M JUST NAUGHTY, BUT I KNOW HOW
TO BRING OUT THE BAD BOY IN YOU!
1-800-511-2428 Adults over 18.

HOT BLACK BEAUTY WILL GET YOU OFF!
1-800-506-5425 Adults over 18.

YOUR HOT THROBBING FANTASIES
Break The Taboo 1-800-311-6000
Adults over 18.

HOT PHONE SEX. DIAL DIRECT.
1-809-563-0641 Adults over 18.
Int'l long distance rates apply.

PERSONAL PHONE SEX CONTACT
011-237-700-007 Adults over 18.
Int'l long distance rates apply.

HOT TALKING PERSONALS
Listen or record. Straight & Kinky
1-900-344-0010 Hot info
Adults over 18. $2.95 a minute.
One To One, 6025 Stage Rd., #42-210, Bartlett, TN 38734

PERSONAL PLEASURES FOR MEN
1-809-474-5020 Adults over 18.
Int'l long distance rates apply.

JIGGLING JUDY'S SAUCY SECRETARIES
011-592-565644 Adults over 18.
Int'l long distance rates apply.

LADIES HOME NUMBERS 1-900-344-2122
Adults over 18. $2.99 a minute.
Romance Unlimited, P.O. Box 571, Hoboken, NJ 07030

CUNNING CONNIE'S LUSCIOUS LOVELIES
011-237-737-114 Adults over 18.
Int'l long distance rates apply.

KINKY CONNECTIONS
1-809-563-0548 Adults over 18.
Int'l long distance rates apply.

FOR THE WILDEST ADULT MESSAGES
CALL 1-900-344-9888
Adults over 18. $3.45 a minute.
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TERRIFIC TRACY'S DEEP DESIRES
011-592-565645 Adults over 18.
Int'l long distance rates apply.

SEX-CRAZED
1-809-563-0553 Adults over 18.
Int'l long distance rates apply.

PERSONALS! Real Names - Real Numbers
1-900-344-6565
Adults over 18. $2.95 a minute.
One To One, 6025 Stage Rd., #42-210, Bartlett, TN 38734

HOT BABES! WILD 800!
1-800-708-0020 Adults over 18.

NAUGHTY NURSES
011-592-565623 Adults over 18.
Int'l long distance rates apply.

PASSIONATE PATTY'S PHONE SEX EXPERIENCE
1-809-563-9626 Adults over 18.
Int'l long distance rates apply.

HORNY HOLLY'S HAPPY HARLOTS
011-592-565624 Adults over 18.
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SENSUOUS DATES
They're hot, erotic, and available.
Call 1-900-344-3582
Adults over 18. $3.95 a minute.
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TEMPTING TRICIA'S LUSTFUL LESBIANS
011-237-737-115 Adults over 18.
Int'l long distance rates apply.

DARING DARLA'S BOUNCY BLONDES
1-809-474-5006 Adults over 18.
Int'l long distance rates apply.

SPECIAL INTERESTS?
You Know What We Mean!
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PAULA PINK'S SLEAZY SEXPOTS
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Int'l long distance rates apply.

RACY RANDI'S WICKED WIVES
1-809-474-5010 Adults over 18.
Int'l long distance rates apply.

SLEAZY SENSATIONS
1-809-563-0551 Adults over 18.
Int'l long distance rates apply.

LUSCIOUS LISTINGS. PERSONALS BY PHONE.
1-900-344-6006
Adults over 18. $2.49 a minute.
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HOT PHONE SEX
1-809-563-0595 Adults over 18.
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AMAZING ANNIE'S SENSUOUS SOULMATES
011-237-737-119 Adults over 18.
Int'l long distance rates apply.

SATISFY YOUR
BIZARRE SEX FANTASIES!!!

SADISTIC MISTRESSES!
INSTANT CREDIT!
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NO CREDIT CARD REQ'D

TELEPHONE TORTURE!
800-950-SICK
98¢ PER 1/2 MIN. MC/VISA/AMEX/DISC.

FREE* 1/2 HR. WITH EVERY PAID INSTANT CREDIT CALL!!!

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800-766-TSTV
98¢ PER 1/2 MIN. MC/VISA/AMEX/DISC.

CREAMY CUNTS!

HOT, WET LESBIANS!
INSTANT CREDIT!
818-752-8200
NO CREDIT CARD REQ'D

GRIPPING HOLES!
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98¢ PER 1/2 MIN. MC/VISA/AMEX/DISC.

*Regular long-distance rates may apply.

1-ON-1's • GROUP ORGIES • FANTASY RECORDINGS • DATE LINES

LET ME WRAP MY LEGS AROUND YOUR HEAD!

GET THAT TONGUE NICE AND WET...

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69¢ – 3.99 per minute.
All Major Credit Cards Accepted.
18 and Older Only.

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THE BEST OF BOTH WORLDS

YOU MUST BE 21 OR OLDER

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DIAL A MISTRESS
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212 242-2620
VISA MC AMEX 24Hrs.
HOT PHONE WORKOUTS
ALL LIFESTYLES

INTERACTIVE FETISH HOTLINE
900 740-6232
$3 Per Min / 18+ Older

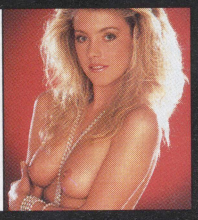
HOT LIVE
PHONE SEX
ONLY .99¢ PER MIN.
NO MINIMUM
OVER 21
212-741-SEXY
7399

HOT 212-336-3031 Adults over 18. WILD 215-764-3612 Adults over 18.

PARTY NAKED
FAST PHONE SEX
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1-809-474-5020
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.
INT'L LONG DISTANCE
RATES APPLY.



SEXY TRAMPS
1-809-474-5006
1-809-563-9625
Adults over 18 only.
Int'l long dist. rates apply.



212-479-6717 Adults over 18.

PHONE SEX PARTIES
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011-237-737-112
Adults 18 & over only.
Int'l long distance
rates apply.



212-803-6022 Adults over 18.

KINKIEST STUFF EVER
DIAL
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011-592-565624
Adults over 18 only.
Int'l long dist. rates apply.



617-367-4252 Adults over 18.

SAMPLES HOT SEX
1-800-373-3042
1-800-440-9310
ADULTS MUST
BE OVER 18



305-674-8646 Adults over 18.

SEX SAMPLES
HOT LESBIAN
FANTASIES
1-800-373-3052
1-800-440-9150
Adults over 18



US-474P

NASTY 213-346-7902 Adults over 18. KINKY 312-578-6830 Adults over 18.



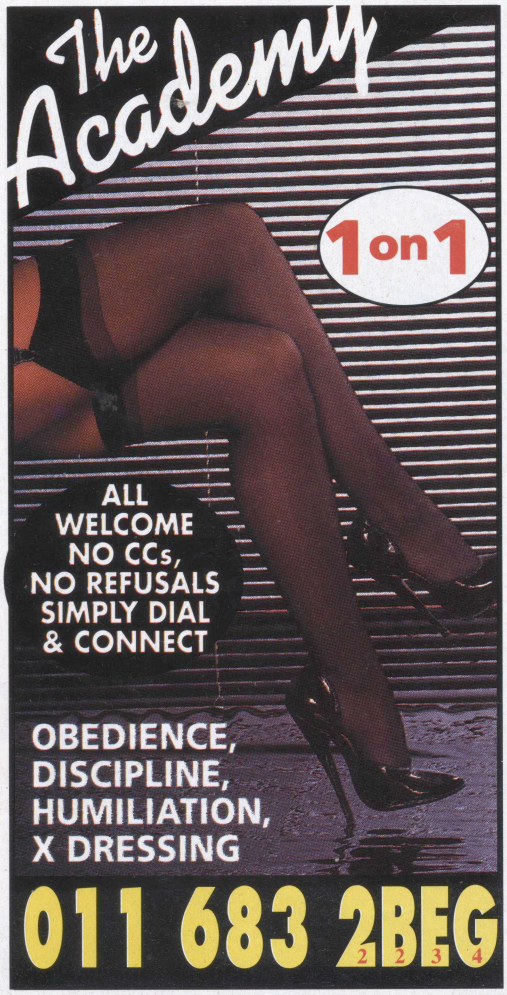
SHOVE YOUR TONGUE UP MY CUNT
1-900-WET RAUNCH
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ONLY INT'L LD RATES APPLY. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS. 69¢–3.99/MIN. 18 AND OLDER ONLY.

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Panties, Panties, and nothing but panties. Beautiful girls who love to tease, wearing pretty panties, just for you. 1 hour video & 10 color photos $45. VHS or BETA.
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CUM WHERE THE SLUTS ARE

HOT, WILD AND FINALLY LEGAL!



"Fuck my BRAINS out, baby!"

WINNER

BEST PHONE FUCK

ALL YOU CAN EAT, JUST $2.98 PER MINUTE!

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SATISFY MY WET HOLE!



"I need a BIG, HARD cock!"

Only $2.98/min!
Visa & MC. 18 & older.

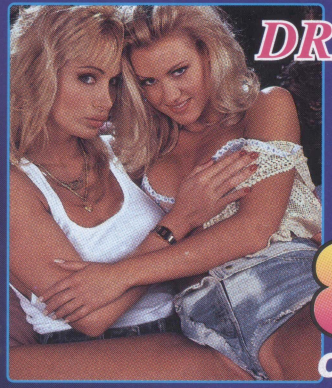
1-800-800-CLIT (2548)

MAKE ME YOUR WHORE!



"Fuck my TIGHT holes!"

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